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THE ARDEN SHAKESPEARE
GENERAL EDITOR: W. J. CRAIG

TITUS ANDRONICUS

THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

EDITED BY

H. BELLYSE BAILDON

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INTRODUCTION

IN discussing the authorship of a play attributed to Shakespeare, especially one so much in dispute as *Titus Andronicus*, it is necessary to confine ourselves as far as possible to views which have some reasonable amount of probability, and not to spend strength and space in fighting mere phantoms. It will not, for instance, be necessary to deal here with the Baconian theory in general, because I take it that the least sober Baconian would neither claim nor wish to claim a play of this character, so startlingly replete with horrors, for Francis, Lord Verulam. For the Baconian theory, or the anti-Shakespearian theories generally are founded on the supposed impossibility of Shakespeare having had the learning, the knowledge, and the philosophic cast of mind displayed in his greater plays; whereas the argument against his having written this particular play is entirely founded on what we moderns conceive to be its *faults*. The Baconian would think—if one dare guess at Baconian thought—that the beauties of the play, which are really great, would argue against Shakespeare; while the crudities, or indeed barbarities, it contains might well be set down to the credit, or discredit, of this supposed Warwickshire *ignoramus*. I may candidly say I am not a Baconian, because in the first place there are to my mind such

stupendous difficulties in the way of conceiving of Bacon as the author, not only of his own mighty works, but also of the most wonderful poetic and dramatic prodigies the world possesses, that no amount of evidence, *of the order we are ever likely to get*, could be for a moment set in the balance against this tremendous antecedent improbability—I would say impossibility—of this theory. So, if I were an advocate of the Baconian theory, the first thing I should set out to prove would be that Bacon did *not* write the works attributed to *him*; as they are the really insuperable obstacle to my belief in his authorship of what we call "Shakespeare." What I do believe regarding the generally acknowledged plays of Shakespeare is that they are mainly the work of a single master-mind, of one who not only was one of the greatest, if not *the greatest*, of all Poets, but also the Prince of Playwrights or Dramatists, and certainly the greatest exponent and creator of human character in all Literature.

I propose, in discussing the authorship of *Titus Andronicus*, while touching upon the question of characteristic versification in its proper place, to begin with what I consider the "weightier matters of the Law," and not with the "mint, anise, and cumin" of pedantic criticism.

I shall first endeavour, as succinctly as possible, to give those facts upon which, by common consent, all arguments regarding the dates of the writing, performance, and publication of this play are founded. These facts have become common property, and it will be unnecessary always to mention here who it was who happened to be the very first to draw attention to them.

The earliest edition of this play, as we know it, of which

any copy is in existence, is that of 1600, which is known as the First Quarto (Q 1), and has the following title: "The most lamentable Romaine Tragedy of Titus Andronicus, as it hath been playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine theyr Servants, At London, printed by J. R. for Edward White, 1600." On this edition was founded the Second Quarto (Q 2) of 1611, printed also for Edward White, with the statement "as has sundry times been playde by the King's Maiestie's Servants." In the First Folio (F 1), 1623, it appears under the same title, and is printed between *Coriolanus* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The variations between this version and F 1 and F 2 are very few, with one very important exception, namely, the addition of the whole of the second scene of Act III., in which Marcus kills a fly, and Titus, in real or affected madness, makes his extraordinary commentary thereupon.

Now, what may we reasonably infer from these facts?

First, that the play had been already some time in existence in 1600, and had been extremely popular, having been acted by all the various companies named, and later on, according to the 1611 edition, by "His Maiestie's Servants." Secondly, that the printers and publishers, by printing the play along with Shakespeare's acknowledged plays, intended at any rate to produce the impression that the play was the work of Shakespeare.

But, having limited the date, on the one side, by showing that it was already published and repeatedly performed in 1600, let us look for earlier allusions to the piece in order to ascertain how long it had then been in existence.

Now, according to Gerard Langbaine in his *Account of*

the English Dramatic Poets, 1691, *Titus Andronicus* was first printed in 1594 in Quarto, and acted by the servants of the "Earls of Darbie, Pembroke, and Essex." The change from Essex in this edition to Sussex in that of 1600 marks the disgrace and fall of the former ambitious noble, whose quarrel with Elizabeth began in 1598 and ended with his execution in 1601. So we now know that the play was already popular and well known in 1594, and must have been written some little time before that. But there is a still earlier entry in the Stationers' Registers, on 6th February 1593: "John Danter" (the publisher). "A booke entitled A noble Roman Historye of Titus Andronicus," with the addition, "Entord also with him, by warrant from Mr. Woodcock, the ballad thereof," which is probably the same as that given in the Percy Reliques. This last, or rather earliest, edition seems closely connected with an entry in Henslowe's Diary of a play, "*titus and ondronicus*," as having been acted for the first time by "the Earle of Essex, his men," on 23rd January 1593. A still earlier entry in this Diary mentions a play, "*Titus and Vespasia*," as being new in 1591.

It might now be thought that we now pretty well determined the date of the first performance, if not the composition of the play. But there is a curious passage in Ben Jonson's Introduction to *Bartholomew Fair*, first produced in 1614, which runs thus: "He that will swear that *Jeronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays *yet* shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant and has stood still these twenty-five or thirty years." If we take either of these numbers literally it would throw back the date of the earliest performances of

these two plays, namely, *The Spanish Tragedy*, now almost universally attributed to Thomas Kyd, and *Andronicus*, to 1589 and 1584 respectively. But I do not think that the statement should be taken too literally. Many people are extremely vague in their notions of the lapse of time, and loose in their statements regarding it. Ben Jonson, with characteristic unamiability, is sneering at those old plays, and would not scruple somewhat to exaggerate their antiquity; so I think we may safely take the shorter rather than the longer term as being nearest the mark.[1] The first mention of Kyd's *Tragedy* being acted is in 1591 by "Lord Strange's men"; and the first dated edition of the *Spanish Tragedy* is the Quarto of 1594 (London, Edward White), as preserved in the University of Göttingen. Of course this does not fix the date of composition; but as in those days there was a continuous demand for new plays, it is not likely that authors like Kyd and Shakespeare let their MSS. lie long in their desks. We may, I think, therefore conclude that *Andronicus* at any rate was written between 1589 and 1593, that is, when Shakespeare was about twenty-five years old and upwards; and this would still make this play, as we might expect from its crudity, one of Shakespeare's earliest efforts in tragedy, in the "Tragedy of Blood," as Mr. J. A. Symonds calls the earlier school of Elizabethan tragedy in which Shakespeare was nurtured, and out of which he triumphantly emerged in his later works, not so much in point of theme and incident—for all tragedies are Tragedies of Blood—but in that elevation of treatment which lifts the horrible from the sensational to the sublime.

[1] A very probable solution of this apparent difficulty is that Jonson is really referring to older versions of the drama and not to Shakespeare's.

Mr. Charles Crawford, in an ingenious and learned article (*Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1900, p. 109), makes a valiant attempt to fix definitely the exact time of the writing of *Titus Andronicus*, as being between 26th June 1593 and January 1594, on account of alleged imitations on Shakespeare's part of Peele's *Honour of the Garter*, published at the former date. I must honestly confess, with profound admiration of Mr. Crawford's erudition, that I think his point, in Scottish legal phrase, "non-proven." The parallelisms quoted are not to my mind, though curious, close enough to establish a case of imitation on Shakespeare's part. His most important parallelisms really amount to little more than phrases, which might have come from some common source, or might be independently invented. A word like "re-salute" is not so unique in kind or difficult of coinage to prove imitation on one side or other. The parallel passages about the House of Fame have an obviously common source in Chaucer's poem of that name, and the common use of the name Enceladus is utterly insufficient to prove anything whatever. The word "palliament," a long white cloak, is, no doubt, found only in this play in Peele's *Honour of the Garter*, lines 91–2. The best point Mr. Crawford makes is the close likeness between—

> Out of Oblivion's reach or Envy's shot,
> (*Garter*, lines 409, 410.)

and the lines of Aaron—

> Safe out of Fortune's shot, and sits aloft
> Advanced above pale Envy's threat'ning reach.
> (*Titus Andronicus*, II. i. 2, 3.)

The resemblance here is remarkably close; at the same

time there are two other possibilities besides that of copying on Shakespeare's side. First, both poets may have got the idea from some common source, and secondly, the same image may have occurred to each independently; for surely the idea of any person being out of reach and shot is not so recondite but that it might occur to two accomplished poets without one imitating the other. Mr. Crawford may be right on this point, but I do not think his argument absolutely conclusive; and I am not inclined to accept it, unless it is absolutely conclusive, because it would make *Titus Andronicus* a later work than *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which I think, in view of the greater ease and confidence of Shakespeare's manner in the *Dream*, extremely unlikely, as I point out in comparing the two pieces later on. But, of course, Mr. Sidney Lee may be right in attributing the writing of the *Dream* to the winter of 1595.

An important matter, and one somewhat difficult to decide is, whether we are to regard the plays given as *Titus and Andronicus* and *Titus and Vespasian* as being (1) one and the same play, or (2) two distinct plays; and then again, whether in either they are early dramatic versions of the story by unknown authors, which Shakespeare made use of in his *Titus Andronicus*, or crude and early attempts by Shakespeare himself. Now, it is impossible to give the arguments in full on so complicated a matter, so I must content myself with stating the conclusions I have come to after reading everything of importance I can find to read on this subject. But before doing so, I would just indicate the lines of argument which have been used in coming to the following conclusions.

We have not got any copy of either of these old plays;

but we have German and Dutch versions of the drama, which to all appearance, although of later date than Shakespeare's play, are not founded upon it, but on some earlier and cruder version or versions.

The latest and most thorough examination of the Dutch and German versions of the story and the best comparison of them with Shakespeare's play are by Mr. Harold M. W. Fuller in the "Publications of the Modern Languages Association of America," vol. xvi. No. 1, to which is added a valuable note, by Professor G. P. Baker of Harvard, on the same subject.

Both Mr. Fuller and Professor Baker come to two interesting and important conclusions, namely, (1) that the Dutch and German versions are founded on two *different* English versions, brought over by different English companies; (2) that neither of these can have been Shakespeare's play as we have it. This latter point they have, I think, amply and absolutely established, and I am prepared to accept this conclusion. It is highly important, because it practically enables us to know what alterations Shakespeare made in the story as it existed in dramatic form before his time; and these, as we shall see later, were neither few nor unimportant, but on the other hand both weighty and characteristic. The other conclusion, that the German and Dutch versions were founded on different versions of the piece, and that these were the two plays which we know as *Titus and Andronicus* and *Titus and Vespasian* respectively, is hardly so clearly made out, and is of less importance.

One of the reasons that we find it so difficult to get at the original source of this gruesome story, is that it seems

to be a conglomerate of at least two revolting themes, which were nevertheless extremely popular in Europe and England long before Shakespeare's time. The one theme may be called "The Wicked Moor" theme, in which we have Murder and Rape committed by a Moor out of revenge and pure malice; and the other, which we may call the "White Lady and Moor" theme, in which the main idea is the lustful intrigue between a white lady, generally a queen, and a black slave. In the story as developed by Shakespeare, and to a less extent in the earlier version, we have this combined with what we may call the political elements in the story, *i.e.* the relations of Titus to the Emperor. This complication is just what Shakespeare loved, and invented when it was not already present in the original story. In most of his tragedies and comedies Shakespeare combined two stories, often from quite different sources, and perhaps nothing is more characteristic of his genius than this power of effective and ingenious combination of two hitherto distinct themes. It gave him also opportunities for that subtle discrimination of similar characters in which he seems, so to speak, to have revelled. *King Lear* is one of the best examples of this, when he has Lear and Gloucester, Cordelia and Edgar, Edmund and Regan and Goneril in pairs or groups, in which strong resemblances are mingled with subtle differences. The plot of Titus was in the earlier versions nearly sufficiently complex for Shakespeare's taste, but he creates the part of Alarbus, partly to give some justification to Tamora's hatred of the Andronici, and partly to balance Lavinia as an *innocent* victim on the other side.

But the story, as it came to Shakespeare in these older

plays, or in the ballad, was already, as above remarked, probably a combination of at least two themes which had originally been separate.

As E. Roeppe (*Eng. Studien*, vol. xvi. 365, etc.) shows, there were numerous early versions of the "cruel Moor" theme, as, for instance, (1) a Latin version by Pontano; (2) a translation or adaptation of this by Bandello; (3) a French version by Belleforest; (4) an English ballad (*Roxburgh Ballads*, vol. ii. p. 339, etc.); and (5) a Spanish version. In the same way, the "Lady and the Blackamoor" theme, as shown by Professor Koeppel[1] and others, existed in many versions, in several languages. There is therefore no lack of "sources" for the story as we have it in Shakespeare; but whether Shakespeare took his plot straight from an earlier dramatic version, or read the component themes in Bandello or Belleforest, or in English ballad form, it is probably now impossible to ascertain, and does not really matter very much.

But in anything we have hitherto said, no direct and conclusive evidence of Shakespeare's authorship has been brought forward, though the printing of this play between two of Shakespeare's universally acknowledged plays and in the same volume with others makes the inference that it was his very probable. But now we come to a piece of direct evidence which appears to me actually irrefragable, and whose brushing aside by those who wish to disprove Shakespeare's authorship seems to me without the slightest justification. Francis Meres, a contemporary and acquaintance, if not intimate friend of, Shakespeare's, writes in 1598, apropos of the excellence of Shakespeare's tragedies in

[1] *Englische Studien*, xvi. p. 365, etc.

English, as compared with those of Seneca in Latin, "witness for tragedy, his *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*." Only a man with the keenest interest in matters literary and dramatic would have taken up such a theme at all; and we know that Meres was so interested. He wrote not only within a few years of the first performances of these plays, but while they were still highly popular and frequently acted, and was during Shakespeare's own lifetime in intimate contact, if not with Shakespeare himself (though Shakespeare read his MS. Sonnets to him), at least, with many of Shakespeare's actor and author contemporaries, both friends and enemies, or rivals, like Ben Jonson. The folly of discarding this direct evidence, as all who maintain that Shakespeare had little or no part in the authorship of this play must do, is perhaps best illustrated by taking a modern parallel. Suppose that the popular dramas of to-day fell into the same neglect half a century or a century hence, as the Elizabethan plays did about that period after they were written, and that, when interest revived again in them, the question arose as to who was the author of *Quality Street*; and, again, supposing an article by some contemporary author of repute was found in which *Quality Street* was mentioned along with others of Mr. Barrie's plays as being by him, would any sane twentieth or twenty-first century critic brush that evidence aside as Meres' evidence has been brushed aside by Malone and others? No amount of discrepancies in style between "*Walker London*," "*The Little Minister*," and "*Quality Street*" would be entitled to weigh for a moment against this piece of direct contemporary evidence. And yet Meres'

evidence is contemptuously swept aside, not only by such one-sided and prejudiced persons as Malone, Fleay, etc., but by cautious and, in other cases, sound and careful critics like Mr. Sidney Lee and Hallam. Now, I say that the true Shakespearian, who believes that Shakespeare was the author of the great masterpieces attributed to him, is deliberately delivering himself over gagged and bound into the hands of the anti-Shakespearians the moment he begins to treat such a strong and clear piece of contemporary evidence with contempt. For it is on contempt for contemporary evidence and opinion that the whole anti-Shakespearian case is founded. For that Shakespeare was commonly regarded as the author of those masterpieces by all his contemporaries and all their successors for generations is absolutely indubitable. But the moment you allow that this consensus of opinion and all direct contemporary testimony is to be disregarded, you open the floodgates for the entrance of all sorts of possible or impossible theories as to the authorship of Shakespeare's or anybody else's works. For, if the friends, enemies and other contemporaries do not know what a man has written, you may depend upon it, *nobody ever will know*, and any man's opinion will be as good as another, or as the Irishman said, "much better." How easy will it be in the course of another century or so to prove that Scott *could not* have written the Waverley Novels, and that they were written by Coleridge, by Adam Smith, by George III., or by a certain "private author"!

I have never seen it remarked, though the fact seems obvious enough, that the scepticism with regard to Shakespeare's authorship of the works at one time universally

attributed to him, is part of that general sceptical movement or wave which has landed us first in the so-called "Higher Criticism" in matters of Religion, and finally in Agnosticism itself. The Baconian and the anti-Shakespearian, whether they know it or no, are merely particular cases of critical "Agnosticism." Now, the Higher Criticism begins with the disregard of Tradition, and the assumption that in the days in which the various books of the Bible were written or accepted as canonical and as being by the persons whose names became attached to them, mankind had not the most rudimentary critical faculty and believed everything that was told them indiscriminately. The human mind does not change so much as all that, and the world has always been made up of persons credulous and persons sceptical, and perhaps still more of people as sceptical in one direction as they were credulous in another. All so-called scepticism has always been based on a kind of conceit, and is the work of persons with whom wisdom was born. Surely the world might by this time accept Kant's great proof of the futility of Pure Reason! It is, at any rate, the use of an almost *à priori* form of reasoning, which leads to the sceptical, or, if you like, "higher critical" views on the Bible, Shakespeare, or any other subject whatever. The position of the man who declines to believe that the Stratford Shakespeare wrote the works attributed to him is precisely the same as that of Hume on Miracles. Hume says in effect, which is of course a complete begging of the question, that no amount of evidence could establish a miracle. For his statement, that it is always more probable that the evidence should be false than the miracle true, is only a sophistical variant on the above. So with

the anti-Shakespearian generally. His position is practically this, that no amount of evidence, such as it is possible for his opponent to bring forward, can convince him that Shakespeare wrote these plays. In other words, the antecedent improbability of Shakespeare being able to write them is greater, in *his* view, than the probability that his contemporaries were right in believing that he did. The solution of both difficulties is the same, the occurrence of the extraordinary, which in one case we call "miracle," and in the other "genius."

I have written thus fully on this point because here lies the key of the whole controversy, and the moment that is lost, all is lost. For if, as Mr. Sidney Lee asserts, Meres' statement is to be disregarded, then I say he can take his stand on no piece of contemporary evidence whatsoever. Abandon Meres and Shakespeare's authorship (or editorship) of *Titus Andronicus*, and you surrender the Thermopylæ of the pro-Shakespearian position. Now, upon what basis is this scepticism regarding Shakespeare's authorship founded? It is founded upon the remark of one Ravenscroft, a clumsy and irresponsible patcher of *Titus Andronicus*, about seventy years after Shakespeare's death. "I have been told," writes Ravenscroft, "by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his (Shakespeare's), but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal characters." Anything feebler in the way of evidence cannot be conceived; for there could be no one living seventy-one years after Shakespeare's death whose evidence could be in the least degree relied on as being first hand; it could only be regarded as a piece of green-room gossip.

But Ravenscroft was not only without first-hand evidence; he is manifestly interested and unprincipled. On him Langbaine (in his *Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, 1691) writes: "Though he would imitate the silk-worm that spins its web from its own bowels, yet I shall make him appear like a leech, that lives on the blood of men," and he goes on to infer that Ravenscroft got up this story to exalt his own merit in having altered the piece. But the final condemnation of Ravenscroft and vindication of Shakespeare's generally reputed authorship, through something very like a century, lies in the fact that Ravenscroft suppressed the original Prologue which runs thus—

> To-day the poet does not fear your rage,
> Shakespeare, by him revived now treads the stage;
> Under his sacred laurels he sits down,
> Safe from the blast of any critic's frown.
> Like other poets, he'll not proudly scorn
> To own that he but winnowed Shakespeare's corn.

How Malone can have been so disingenuous as to suppress this bit of evidence, when accepting Ravenscroft's worthless and self-interested gossip, certainly (in Mr. Gladstone's phrase) "passes the wit of man" to comprehend. Malone and Ravenscroft stand convicted of a *suppressio veri* of the first magnitude. This conviction we owe to Charles Knight's admirable "Notice on the Authenticity of Titus Andronicus" in his edition of Shakespeare.

The question now arises, What possible motive could Malone have in acting so disingenuously by the evidences? The answer is that there are two possible motives for such conduct, self-interest, and prejudice. Ravenscroft's was the first, and Malone's the second.

The prejudice that has affected Malone, Fleay, Hallam,

and all those who follow them, is as creditable to their hearts as it is discreditable to their judgments. They found the play very repulsive, as it is to every refined modern reader, and they cried out in their hearts, "O this cannot be by our beloved and gentle Shakespeare, we must set about proving that it is not his." Now this is very nice and kind of them, and deserves the applause and admiration of all the well-intentioned namby-pambyism of this or any age. But the great and virile literature of this or any great language is not "namby-pamby," and Elizabethan literature least of all. No one can criticise it sanely from this point of view. For, least of all, is Shakespeare himself namby-pamby; and anything more illogical than to argue, as these gentlemen do, that the author of the terrible scene between Arthur and Hubert in *King John*, of the murders of Duncan, Banquo, Richard II., and Clarence, of the slaughter of young Rutland and Edward, and young Macduff, of the holocausts of victims in that and every tragedy, and perhaps worst of all the revolting gouging of Gloucester's eyes in *Lear*, could never have had, in the crudest days of his youth, aught to do with *Titus Andronicus*, is about as absurd as it is possible for anything to be.

What, then, are the elements in *Titus Andronicus* which *to modern taste* are specially revolting; for as revolting they were not regarded, apparently, by Shakespeare's own contemporaries either in England, Germany, or Holland? Revolting to us they most unquestionably are, but even Shakespeare's genius could hardly be expected, in planning his first tragedy, to anticipate refined, or over-refined, modern feeling. As a young author making his first essay in

tragedy, Shakespeare would naturally choose a theme which would find favour with an Elizabethan audience, and, as we shall see, nothing secured that, at the time he must have written *Titus Andronicus*, more easily than a plentiful supply of horrors, just as the sensation novel, the "penny dreadful," and the "shilling shocker" attract the multitude now. The fact that one form of literature is to be read and the other acted makes really much less difference than we are apt to imagine, especially when we consider the primitive appliances of the Elizabethan stage. Fancy *Hamlet* being played with nothing but the following "properties," as quoted by Mr. Appleton Morgan from the stage directions to the First Folio: "A recorder, book, two framed portraits, flowers, spades and mattocks, tombstones, skulls, handkerchief, cups, decanters"; or *Julius Cæsar* with "A scroll, wine in decanters, cups, tapers, a couch"! For the audiences in those days, with no artificial light, no attempt at scenery, and a stage in which the audience mingled with the actors, there can have been none of that "realistic illusion," if the phrase may be allowed, which our modern extremely realistic presentments are apt to produce. No one among these audiences can have been even momentarily under the illusion that the actor playing Gloucester had his eyes really gouged out, or that there was any real danger to Arthur's eyes from "the iron bodkins or rods"—probably cold, or with a dab of red paint on them—with which Hubert menaced him. In fact, the stage of that day was, in point of realism, only one remove above the Puppet-show; and it would be hardly more absurd to condemn as revolting the conduct of that notable murderer

and criminal, *Punch*, as to condemn *Titus Andronicus* on the same plea. If this modern namby-pambyism is to have its way, we should ostracise half of Stevenson's works, and utterly condemn the horrible cannibalistic narrative in the *Yarn of the Nancy Bell*! What then, we ask again, were the incidents in *Titus Andronicus* likely, as rendered on the stage of the Globe Theatre, to revolt an Elizabethan audience?

No doubt the incidents which *we* feel to be revolting in this play are the ravishment and mutilation of Lavinia, the mutilation of Titus and his revenge in cutting the throats of the ravishers and making pastry of their bones and blood. These things are all extremely gruesome, but I fear this is no proof whatever that Shakespeare, when once embarked on such a plot, would excise them or indeed make any serious attempt to mitigate them. If we had the real "source" from which Shakespeare took this plot, if it be not the ballad itself,[1] we should certainly find all those horrors in the original version; and an inexperienced author would, even if he wished (which is doubtful), be afraid to take any liberties with a plot which was certainly, in a cruder form, already familiar to his audience. Had he ventured on such a course, "the groundlings," at any rate, would, in their disappointment, have hissed the piece off the stage, although the merely sanguinary incidents and the cannibalism would not be very impressive as then rendered, with a pair of well-worn "property" heads and a few bandages and scraps of red cloth, not to speak of

[1] It does not seem to have been generally observed that the story of Lavinia was familiar to Chaucer. See *The Legend of Good Women*, line 211 earlier version, 257 later version (Skeat's *Student's Chaucer*).

the pie (coffin) from the nearest cook-shop, which the hungry "supers" would finish off when the play was over.

With regard to the introduction of Rape as a subject for the stage, Mr. F. G. Fleay (*Chronicle History of the Life and Work of Shakespeare*) writes: "The introduction of rape as a subject for the stage would be sufficient to disprove Shakespeare's authorship." A more ridiculous and fatuous remark it would be impossible to find in the annals of criticism. Did Mr. Fleay forget that about the time this play must have been written Shakespeare had it in his mind, as we see from the play itself, to devote his utmost *poetic* powers—which he then regarded with infinitely greater reverence than he did his *dramatic* powers—to writing *The Rape of Lucrece*? If Shakespeare thought this subject fit for a poem, which was to gain him the favour of the highest in the land, he could have no possible scruple against treating such a subject dramatically; and when we recall his tremendous *Sonnet* on "Lust," and the theme of his *Venus and Adonis*, which is the very revolting one of a woman (though a goddess) thrusting her favours on a man, we see the absolute absurdity of Fleay's proposition. The fact is that Shakespeare's mind, with all its elevation, was much fascinated by what we would now call "sex-problems," and although he does not again introduce rape, he has the equally "revolting" theme of seduction, or attempted seduction, frequently; and in *Hamlet* we have what was then regarded as incest. It is not, indeed, by his *themes* that Shakespeare or any great author is to be judged; it is by his *treatment* of them. What Shakespeare worked for was a "moral resultant," and if anyone dare allege that any play of Shakespeare's, properly studied, leaves him or her

worse than it found them, I will undertake to say that the fault is with the reader. In his tragedies especially, when we reach the *denouement* and see the havoc worked by human weakness and passion, we are certainly in no mood to condone such weakness, or to set about indulging these destructive passions. What impure woman does not quail under Hamlet's reproof of Gertrude, or feel abashed in the presence of Isabel and Imogen? There are no sermons that ever have been or will be preached that drive home the evilness of evil and the criminality of weakness like these magnificent dramatic homilies. Even in *Titus Andronicus*, what are our final feelings? Not exultation in the success of Titus' terrible, and, in a sense, just revenge, but a conviction that Cruelty, Lust, and even Revenge are hideous, loathsome, and repulsive to the last degree; and this feeling, which we have, amidst all our horror, stamps the play as essentially Shakespearian in its general outlines and conception. And that is all, or nearly all, that will be here maintained; not that every word and line, not even every scene is the *original* work of Shakespeare, but that his genius and character is impressed in immature but unmistakable manner on the drama as a whole.

For the idea that the plot of the play is a piece of pure invention on the part of Shakespeare or any other Elizabethan dramatist is, of course, quite out of the question, because it was quite beside the practice of these dramatists, and most of all of Shakespeare himself, to be at the trouble of inventing a fresh plot, when they had so many ready to their hand, and when it was considered no plagiarism or declension from originality to make the freest use of old material wherever they found it.

We have now, I think, touched upon all the acknowledged facts regarding the play in question, which throw any real light on its authorship from without; and it seems we are now for the first time in a position to apply ourselves to the play itself, and to see what further light we can gain by a critical examination of the text.

Whenever we ask ourselves what is the first essential to the making of a great and perennially interesting author of fiction in its widest sense, whether the form be narrative or dramatic, prose or verse, we are always driven back on the one answer, that it is what we are pleased to call "creative power," and in particular the power of creating characters. Gradually, as time goes on, these *creators*, *poets*, *makers*, emerge from the multitude of lesser writers, however accomplished, and take their stations at an altitude that the others can never attain. Stars and lamps are very alike sometimes, but no lamp can for long persuade us that it has the altitude of the Plough or the Pole-star. What this creative power consists in, this power of making imaginative work not only beautiful, or true, or interesting, but actually *alive*, can no more be stated in words than biologist, chemist, and physicist, or all three together, can really tell us what that, which we call Life, really is. We know only in both cases by results.[1]

Of this life-giving power, not to use any disputable instance, we have certainly three great exemplars in our literature—Chaucer, especially in his Prologue, Shakespeare,

[1] Only the other day a pet kitten was playing in my garden, exuberant with life from whiskers to tail. Then a strange dog, a deft shake in the air, and a weeping domestic brings me a piece of limp fur with a touch of blood, and glazing eyes. Just as great in literature, and as mysterious, is the difference between the living and the dead.

and Scott. Five centuries have not weakened the pulse of life in one of the Canterbury Pilgrims, and the grave Knight and the gay Squire, the genteel Prioress and the vulgar Wife of Bath are living as when their palfreys raised the dust on Kentish roads. While there are some classes of Scott's characters whose original *anæmia* has proved fatal to them, there are others whose cheeks are still fresh and ruddy as winter apples. But high above these, almost in a world of their own, survive in imperishable beauty and vitality the creations of Shakespeare. Here and there, but only here and there, do we find a character looking a little sick and ghostly among the rest, and this almost entirely in his earlier plays. In *Love's Labour's Lost* we have little more than graceful pen-and-ink sketches and first studies for what were to be his great creations later on; and, in like manner, in *Titus Andronicus* we find a series of powerful, and even exaggerated, studies for the great characters that peopled his later tragedies. Already in this play the author shows a marvellous power, one of those absolutely essential in the creation of character in fiction, that of discriminating between two characters apparently extremely alike. This power has been pointed out as characteristic of Shakespeare; but I do not remember that anyone has noticed that the two sons of Tamora are a marvellous example of this. At first sight nothing would seem more difficult than to discriminate between these two utter ruffians. But Shakespeare has done it, and he has done it in a peculiarly bold way. The distinction is this, that he makes Chiron, the younger, at once the more sentimental and the more ruthless. At first it comes on us with a kind of shock when we find the sentimentalist, who was

going to sacrifice everything to win Lavinia, suddenly accepting with gusto the horrible proposition of Aaron and his brother. But we have observed human nature but ill if we do not recognise the profound truth of Shakespeare's psychology here, in that sentiment is often but a thin mask worn by the sentimentalist to disguise from himself and others a pitiless lust. How many other dramatists, if any, would have ventured on such a stroke and torn the disguise aside so ruthlessly? It is certainly a psychologic subtlety, far beyond the reach of Kyd, and probably even of Greene or Marlowe.

It is a natural transition from these two Bashi-bazouks to their worthy mother, to whose "codding spirit," as Aaron, who ought to know, says, their lustful natures were due.

My own feeling is that up to the scene when she tries to personate Revenge, Tamora's character is magnificently handled. Lustful and ferocious as she is, she has a quality of greatness, such as perhaps only Shakespeare can impart to his wicked women. Her first appearance and her appeal to Titus is as queenly and noble as anything in the range of dramatic art. And here Shakespeare is careful, and this also is characteristic, to give her an excuse for, if not a justification of, her subsequent actions. The barbarous treatment of her eldest born son, Alarbus, was enough to rouse in her strong and passionate nature a thirst for an adequate and terrible revenge. But, with that wonderful wit which characterises her, and which deserts her only at the last critical moment, when she presumes too much upon it, she perceives that she must, in the first instance, dissemble, and lure Titus and his family into a false sense of

security. A woman of mature beauty, an adept at intrigue, she knows, almost at a glance, how to fascinate the weak and voluptuous Saturninus, and how to work on his jealousy and fear of Titus. Tamora, like all Shakespeare's heroines, good or bad, largely dominates the play; for even Aaron is often merely her emissary and agent, carrying out her terrific programme with malicious pleasure no doubt, but with no other advantage to himself. Tamora, doubtless, is the slave of her passion for Aaron, or rather, like the Semiramis to whom she was compared in the play, or Catherine of Russia, the slave of her own insatiable desires. This passion and those desires brought about her downfall. On her character the author lavishes all his powers, as, with the exception of Aaron's soliloquy at the opening of the second Act, all the finest pieces of poetic rhetoric are assigned to her. Nor does Tamora, with all her wickedness and cruelty and lust, ever cease to be the woman. In the scene where Lavinia appeals to her tc save her by death from the violence of her ruffian sons, it is obvious that Tamora is not sure of herself, and therefore she implores her sons not to let Lavinia speak, and hurries them away. She feels, I take it, the *woman* in her revolt, as it often will do, to the side of her own sex. Women are proverbially hard on each other, and yet sometimes, quite unexpectedly, they make common cause against man. For there is always a certain feeling of solidarity within the sexes, and in spite of the strong forces acting against it, it often works in a surprising manner. Even in the Revenge scenes, in which Tamora appears at such disadvantage, it may be that the author intentionally illustrated, what I believe to be true, that in a matter of plot and counterplot a man, fairly on

his guard and on his mettle, will mine deeper than the woman, just as Titus did; for his carefully thought-out feigning of madness quite deceived Tamora and made her cunning of no avail.

But, further, we have in Tamora an early study for at least two of Shakespeare's great women characters—Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra. Tamora's relation to Saturninus and her hypocrisy to Titus are extremely like Lady Macbeth's instigation of her husband and her hypocrisy to Duncan. In Cleopatra, again, we have, in a less gross form perhaps, a woman in whom sexual desire is the ruling passion. And in Lady Macbeth we have the same view of the ability of the sexes, for, ready as Lady Macbeth is in planning the single murder of Duncan, she falls into the background as soon as Macbeth embarks in the more comprehensive scheme of crime which the first murder involved; and so one of the great elements of pathos in Lady Macbeth's position is that she is no longer any use to her husband, and only a source of danger to him, through her sleep-walking, and it is characteristic of Shakespeare's maturer treatment that he does not let us see Lady Macbeth defeated and humiliated, as we see Tamora, at the end of our play.

It is now time we turned to one of the other leading characters in the drama, who is all along the antagonist, and eventually, in a sad and terrible sense, the successful antagonist of Tamora, Titus Andronicus himself.

It seems nearly incredible that most of Shakespeare's critics and commentators have missed the seemingly obvious fact that in the character of Titus we have strong suggestions of no less than three of the great male characters

in his acknowledged masterpieces, namely, Lear, Coriolanus, and Hamlet. The resemblance to Lear is perhaps the most complete and significant. The faults of Titus' character and that of his family, from which, as in *Lear*, the whole tragic situation arises, are identical. Just as Lear fancied he had a true and disinterested love for his children, so did Titus; and yet in the very opening of both plays their mistake is at once demonstrated; for full as he (Titus) is of grief for his dead sons and pride in the living, and full as he appears to be of tenderness to Lavinia, the moment any of these thwart him in the least, all these kind feelings are lost in his rage at being thwarted; and before he has been long on the stage he has deprived Lavinia of her affianced lover—almost her husband—and has murdered with his own hand his son Mutius. But the resemblance does not end here. Titus has the Empire of Rome within his grasp, and, like Lear, feeling some of the languor of age coming over him, he declines, as Lear wishes to resign, the burden of power. But they both deceive themselves; they do not wish *really* to resign their *power itself*, but merely its burdens and toils. Lear pictures himself loved, honoured and revered, and still consulted and obeyed by his children. Titus, thinking he had earned the deathless gratitude of Saturninus, seems really to have expected to retain much of his honour and influence, and to be regarded as sort of guardian or grand vizier to the Emperor of his own creation. He, like Lear, is bitterly disappointed; for he finds himself suddenly neglected and of no account. He thus, like Lear, by his own acts, by his cruelty towards Alarbus, his injustice to Lavinia and Bassianus, and his murder of his son, furnishes all the elements in the ensuing

tragedy; and as Lear and Cordelia are intimately associated in the final and terrible results, so, in cruder fashion, are Titus and Lavinia.

The resemblance to Coriolanus is yet more simple and obvious. We have the same military and warlike qualities, the same immense pride, the same inordinate claim on the gratitude of his countrymen, the same almost traitorous readiness to turn against them when they offend him.

In regard to his real or feigned madness, Titus has points of resemblance to both Lear and Hamlet. That his madness, like Hamlet's, was mainly assumed, I think there can be no doubt; for whenever he chooses he is not only sane, but capable. But I think also that his troubles are meant to bring him to *the border of real madness*, and just as a man partially drunk can play complete drunkenness more easily than a perfectly sober man, so a man on the verge of madness will probably feign insanity more naturally than one who is perfectly sane. Lear's madness is, of course, not feigned, but that of Edgar in the same play is.

Shakespeare, indeed, is very fond of repeating himself up to a certain point, and it is just beyond that point when his extraordinary power of variation on like themes comes in. There are, indeed, few characters in Shakespeare which could not, at least, be duplicated from his works, and yet no two are the same, any more than two sisters or two brothers are the same person. It seems as if here also he revels in his unequalled power of discrimination. But to Professor Schröer, I think, we owe the first full and clear statement of the remarkable typical resemblances of so many of Shakespeare's characters. No doubt all characters

in drama have a tendency to run in types, but Shakespeare's peculiarity is his extreme subtlety of discrimination, and the ingenuity with which he combines more than one type in the same person, as already pointed out in the cases of Titus and Tamora.

But let no one run away with the idea that I am holding up Titus himself as being equal in either conception or execution to the other masterpieces of characterisation with which I have compared him: he is only a first study out of which the others were developed. With the general conception of the character there is no fault to find, but with the execution there is a good deal, for either Shakespeare had not got over the influence of a false style which piled up and elaborated images and classical allusions, which embarrassed rather than assisted the effective expression of the emotions and thought, or he has carried forward a good deal of defective matter from some older version of the piece. Perhaps, indeed, we are safer to say that we have both these causes in operation to render the play inferior to Shakespeare's maturer work.

I may mention at this point that Mr. Charles Crawford, author of "The Authorship of Arden of Feversham" (*Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1903), has very kindly furnished me with a remarkable collection of parallel passages between *Titus Andronicus* and other plays of Shakespeare, which go absolutely to prove, if any argument of that kind can, the Shakespearian authorship of this drama. Mr. Crawford's very striking parallelisms are too numerous and lengthy to be given in detail here. But it is very gratifying to me to find so thorough a scholar of Elizabethan literature working out from a somewhat

different point of view, and a different method, nearly the same conclusion which I am endeavouring to establish in this Introduction.

But we must return to our examination of the character of Titus, and his treatment in the dialogue of the play. And in this reference it is significant that we find more in Titus' speeches of what strikes us now as turgid and even bombastic than in those of any of the other characters. The literary and poetic level, for instance, of the speeches of Tamora, Aaron, and Marcus seem to me, on the whole, higher than those of Titus. His speeches in his first interview with the ravished and mutilated Lavinia are an example of this. His elaborate and laboured comparisons between Lavinia and himself and the welkin, the earth and the sea, are confused, ineffective, inconsistent, and end in the really unpardonable lines—

> For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
> But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

So, too, for us, at least, such lines as

> Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite—
> O earth! I will befriend thee with more rain, etc.,

seem to us forced and fanciful rather than really forceful and convincing, and reaching either the sublime or the pathetic. Yet it can hardly be denied that there is a good deal that is not much better than this in his other plays, and that Shakespeare seemed to look on this sort of language as suitable to persons suffering from extreme excitement. Hence, for instance, comes the famous mixed metaphor in Hamlet's great soliloquy, of "taking arms

against a sea of troubles," which I have always defended on the very ground that it is intentional, as an indication of Hamlet's perturbed state of mind. There is, indeed, a very striking parallel to Hamlet's image in the very lines of Titus—

> For now I stand as one upon a rock
> Environed with a wilderness of sea, etc.,

and probably the mental picture in Shakespeare's mind on both occasions was identical.

But there are fine and purely poetic touches in Titus' speeches, as his image regarding Lavinia's tears—

> as doth the honey-dew
> Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

But we moderns are so schooled to what we call realism that, perhaps, we are not fair judges of the Elizabethan manner of expressing violent emotions in terms of strange, elaborate, and grotesque imagery. Poetry under such conditions expresses, not so much what a man would actually say, but the things he *ought*, from a poetic or dramatic point of view, to say. Scotch peasants do not court in the language of Burns' love-songs, which are the poet's expression of an emotion which all others felt, but which few or none can adequately express. So, in Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists, violent emotions are expressed, we may almost say symbolised, in fantastic and violent language. But there are splendid dramatic touches in the treatment of Titus. His sudden laughter, his half-hysterical "Ha! ha! ha!" for swift and tremendous effect can, perhaps, only be paralleled by the "Knocking in Macbeth" for profound and startling dramatic force.

Again, his sudden calmness in the wonderful scene with the fly (when he, as I think, merely pretends madness), when he seems all at once to resume his self-mastery, and tells the servants to take away, and asks Lavinia to go with him and read

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old,

is most effective, and would be a great opportunity for a great actor.

But I think we always get our best test of Shakespeare in his final and total effects rather than in detail, and the final effect of Titus upon us approximates to that of Lear in being superhuman, titanic, something out of the ordinary scale of humanity; and the same is true, even more so, of Tamora: who, as always seems to me, ought to be on the scale of Keats' heathen goddess, one "who would have ta'en Achilles by the hair and bent his neck."

Let us now turn to the only other character of absolutely first importance in the drama, Aaron the Moor.

Now, in the character of Aaron, Shakespeare seems to have made a great, if only partially successful, attempt to humanise the ordinary stage villain or monster, as then rendered, even by so great a man as Marlowe. And Marlowe, be it noted, makes no attempt to redeem his villains. He loves them to be monsters; and monsters they remain in his hands. But Shakespeare aimed obviously, not at whitewashing his villains, as a modern author might do (especially if writing history (*sic*)), but at humanising them, which is unfortunately quite another thing. And this is the object of the whole of the business of Aaron and his

black baby, than which nothing in Shakespeare or out is more admirably managed; and could he have left the character then, it might have been set, as an artistic creation, on a level at least with Richard III., if not Iago. Unfortunately he relapses towards the end of the play into the crudely monstrous and devilish. At the same time, this is not altogether out of nature, certainly not out of Shakespeare's conception of it; for more subtly as Iago is undoubtedly managed, he is in reality very nearly of the same purely malicious and fiendish character as Aaron. Two other great writers have given us characters quite as irredeemably malignant as either of these—Shelley in the Cenci, and Browning in the character of Count Guido Franceschini, in *The Ring and the Book*. Shelley's character of the Father in his splendid play has often been criticised as being exaggerated, but the latest information on the subject tends clearly to show that Shelley's portrayal was justified by the facts. Browning does his best to give us some hope for the soul of Guido, but leaves us in doubt as to whether God Himself can make anything of such a soul, without casting it into the melting-pot again, *i.e.*, in other words, unmaking it. And, if a thoroughgoing optimist like Browning comes to such a conclusion, we need not be surprised that a so faithful, and even sternly faithful, delineator of character as Shakespeare should frequently delineate characters which seem hopelessly bad and incapable of repentance, as Regan and Goneril, Claudius, Richard III., and Iago. These wilfully wicked characters are indeed curiously abundant in Renaissance times, and we have only to recall the Borgia and the Medici families in order to convince ourselves of the fact. The Renaissance indeed, while

inaugurating a great artistic and intellectual revival, seems to have had the effect of almost annihilating conscience. The encountering tides of mediæval Christianity and revived Pagan naturalism seem to have, and that in the greatest men and women of that time, obliterated all moral distinctions,—a phenomenon exemplified in *The Prince* of Machiavelli, which itself became a sort of Devil's Bible which taught one to unlearn all that was honourable and noble in the one ethical system, and all that was kind and merciful in the other. Hence Marlowe, who himself in his life too well exemplifies this, introduces Machiavelli as the presiding evil genius in *The Jew of Malta.* Many Englishmen had too well learnt this lesson, either by contact with Italians, or by the study of Machiavelli and kindred literature; and learnt it so well that to this day the Italians have a proverb to the effect that an Italianised Englishman is a "perfect fiend." Even Scott, who has no liking for the morally revolting, in his notes to *Kenilworth* represents Leicester as highly skilled in Renaissance iniquities, as a poisoner, suborner, murderer, etc. Therefore one is not much at a loss to guess where Shakespeare and even Marlowe got models for their "perfect fiends." So that, crude as Aaron seems to us, who live in times when such crimes are the exception and not the rule, we cannot reasonably maintain that it is out of nature; and, indeed, in our own criminal annals, do we not find monsters of cruelty and iniquity not unworthy of comparison even with Aaron? But what seems to us to constitute the crudity of his character is the seeming lack of interested motive for his abominable crimes; for, even in Iago, pure malice and malignity are mitigated by and mingled with his

suspicion of Emilia's misconduct with Othello. But Aaron's character is not quite as crude as it looks. He was Tamora's lover; and, though love in any high sense was foreign to his nature, he naturally enough took her side in this fierce quarrel. Himself lustful and corrupt and involved in a bold and perilous intrigue, the obtrusive virtue of Lavinia would naturally irritate and offend him, as would the haughty superiority of the Romans generally. Virtue is ever a deadly offence to vice, and the happiness of pure and faithful love in Bassianus and Lavinia would be gall and wormwood to one steeped as he was in lust and intrigue. One critic asks why he should have turned his malice against Bassianus and Lavinia and not against Saturninus, who was his rival in regard to Tamora. But surely to ask this question is to display a curious ignorance of human nature. For a creature like Aaron, in whom mere lust was the predominant element in his attachment to Tamora, would have towards Saturninus (off whose loaf he was so freely cutting "shives") a feeling much more of contempt and triumph than of hatred; and his pleasure in carrying on the intrigue had an added zest in the thought of the disgrace and dishonour his success reflected on his imperial rival. The death of Saturninus meant, moreover, the fall of the whole party, including Tamora, and that he dare not risk; for with them he would fall also, whereas the death of Bassianus confirmed Saturninus in his imperial power, and with him Tamora. A successful rival of his imperial master, the paramour of an imperial mistress, any blandishments or favours that Tamora had to bestow on her lord and master to retain her influence would never trouble so gross a nature as Aaron's. For, to a nature so gross, the

idea that he must to some extent share Tamora with her husband, would not be so revolting as it would to a finer nature. It was enough for such an one to know that his mistress preferred him and yielded herself freely to him.

Aaron is then, I think, by no means as unnatural as his own rhodomontade towards the end of the play would make us believe. His pure malignity, and avowed love of evil for its own sake, is at least mitigated by self-interest, by zeal for the party he belonged to and for a mistress he admired, if he did not love. On the other hand, his tenderness to his child must not be rated too highly. It is in the first place intensely selfish; it is as a *bit of himself*, a second self, that he cherishes it. And this very tenderness to his child brings out his want of love and consideration for Tamora, whom he at first proposes to leave to her fate. Of any really noble and unselfish feeling Aaron, like Iago, Regan, Goneril, and Richard III., is represented as incapable, and so, according to Shakespeare's ethical or spiritual system, he is a lost soul. From the *Sonnets* onward to *Lear*, Shakespeare's doctrine of redemption, through the love which is a power and faculty in the soul of the lover and not dependent on the attractions or the natural relationship of the object of the love, is continually proclaimed. In Titus, as in Lear, instinctive parental love is shown up in its inability to stand the test of any, even moderate, trial. Both these men think they love their children, but they only love them selfishly, as their own offspring, with an instinctive, almost animal, love, and not with a personal love, which in Shakespeare's view is the only love worth the name. I am tempted here to quote in full Shakespeare's magni-

ficent declaration of the immortal unchanging character of true love:

SONNET CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no, it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, and no man ever loved.

In my humble opinion the man that wrote this sonnet not only could have written all the finest poetry that comes into the plays, but was the only man living, with the possible exception of Spenser, who could have produced it. Compare this, for instance, with Bacon's wooden and prosaic "Essay on Love," in which he regards Love as in the main a weakness and evil, and a thing to be avoided. Yet this, in this respect, ligneous philosopher wrote *Romeo and Juliet*, if you please! Can human credulity be carried further than this!

Shakespeare's view seems to have been, not that natural and even sexual love were evils, as Bacon seems to hold, but that in them lay the germs of true love, and that only through them could the higher forms of love be reached. He did not fail to observe—what, indeed, did he fail to observe in human nature?—that this purer form of love springs yet more readily from what we may call the more

disinterested forms of "kindly" or natural love, as in this very play he makes the love of brother and uncle, of Lucius and Marcus, a purer affection than Titus' had been, until Lavinia's sufferings develop in him a more personal love, what Tennyson, that great disciple of Shakespeare in such matters, calls "The love of a soul for a soul."

In Aaron we have this "kindly" and instinctive love at its lowest, and yet we feel that there, if anywhere, lies the hope of redemption for so dark a soul as that of the Moor; and we can quite imagine, had it suited Shakespeare's *dramatic* purpose, that he could have portrayed for us such a redemption. It is a long step for *Titus Andronicus* to the *Luck of Roaring Camp*; but we have in both an instance of the softening influence of helpless childhood on rough and even evil natures.

The villain of the early Elizabethan dramas, being the successor of the "Devil or Vice" of the morality plays, was bound, as such, to excite in some way the contempt, as well as the reprobation, of the audience. This was most readily secured by some physical or national disability, the deformity of Richard III., the nationality of Shylock and Barabbas, and the Cimmerian hue of Aaron; and it showed a rise in Shakespeare's moral courage, with his fame and maturity of power, that he ventured to make Othello a hero, and to put thoroughly human touches into Shylock. It must be noticed, too, that Shakespeare in *Othello* returns to one of his *Titus Andronicus* themes, the love between members of the black and white races. But with his usual ingenuity and psychologic skill, he makes the relationship of a very different character. Yet the same problem exercises his mind, and it seemed as

though, even at its best, he regarded the union as unnatural, if not forbidden. For the whole tragedy in *Othello* turns on this point, as does the denouement in *Titus Andronicus*. For it is the diabolic skill with which Iago works this point with Othello that more than anything else persuades him of Desdemona's unfaithfulness. It is proverbial, and I fancy matter of common observation in countries where white and black races come together, that for some white women the negro or other dark man has a peculiar fascination. And it is this, I strongly suspect, and not merely the salaciousness of the male negro, that makes the white man so furious and unmerciful in his punishments of black offenders. So in South Africa the punishment of the Kaffir for such offences is quite Draconian. Now, in the case of Tamora, Shakespeare gives us clearly enough to understand that the relation is one of lustful passion; but in Othello he indicates quite as distinctly that this was not so, but that Desdemona's love was a personal love founded on sympathy and admiration. Yet I think Shakespeare looked on their clandestine marriage as wrong, and as affording Fate the opportunity of bringing about the tragic coil, just as Titus' cruelty and Lear's injustice lead, as it were inevitably, to their own terrible sufferings.

Another coincidence in the treatment of Aaron and Iago (Jachimo, a much poorer villain, repents), is that Shakespeare, regarding mere death as an inadequate punishment for such villains, reserves them both for horrible tortures later on. Tamora and the others are regarded as adequately or appropriately punished, the one by death and the horrible meal she had to make, and the two Bashi-

bazouks by being coolly slaughtered and bled, like the beasts they were. Poor Desdemona suffers more than enough for her indiscretion and disobedience, and Othello for his distrust of her. But Aaron and Iago are reserved for a more terrible fate; and yet we feel assured that these monsters of malice and wickedness will, like many a modern criminal and Richard III. himself, "die game"; for there is in both a strength of spirit, in the pursuit of evil though it be, that wrings from us a genuine, if reluctant, admiration, such as we feel for the sublime malignity and unconquerable endurance of Milton's Satan.[1]

There is one remaining character of first importance in the play, and one who seems to have been almost as cruelly mishandled by the critics of this play, as she was by the two ruffians in the drama itself. I mean, of course, the unfortunate and cruelly-used Lavinia. There are symptoms of a hostile feeling towards poor Lavinia in earlier critics, such as Steevens, but the attack culminates in Mr. Arthur Symons' "Introduction to the Facsimile of the First Quarto. London, Prætorius," an Introduction whose merits in other respects make this point all the more worthy of discussion here.

"Lavinia," writes Mr. Symons, "is a single and unmixed blunder. There is no other word for it. I can never read the third scene of the second Act without amazement at the folly of the author, who requiring in the nature of things to win our sympathy for his afflicted heroine, fills her mouth with the grossest and vilest insults against Tamora—so gross, so vile, so unwomanly that her punish-

[1] Macbeth falters at the end, not being a criminal born, as those others may almost be called, but a man led into crime by ambition and circumstance.

ment becomes something of a retribution instead of being wholly a brutality."

This criticism, the expression of which, when any reader compares it with what Lavinia really *does* say, must appear grossly exaggerated, shows a great lack of the historic sense; for the point we have to consider is, not what would be "gross or unwomanly" in a modern British matron under these unusual circumstances, but what would seem so in an Elizabethan lady; for in such matters Shakespeare was invariably "of his time." Lavinia's remarks are certainly irritating to a person in Tamora's compromising, or more than compromising, situation, but "vile, gross," and so forth, it is really absurd to call them. Bassianus launches out very freely, it is true, but he is not Lavinia, and I can hardly help thinking Mr. Symons' memory has played him a trick, and has made him mix up the utterances of those two. But let us ask ourselves the question, the only fair one to ask under the circumstances, What would a virtuous Elizabethan lady have said to another Elizabethan lady whom she discovered in the midst of a loathsome, adulterous intrigue, a woman, moreover, whom, as a successful rival, she had every cause to hate? And, surely, a good woman has as much right to hate as a bad one, and as much right to a free expression of her opinion? Let us put the question in this more precise form—What sort of language would "good Queen Bess" have used to a lady of her Court whom she found in the midst of an adulterous intrigue with a menial, and that menial a blackamoor? I fear such an utterance would bristle with strange oaths and vernacular expressions disused in our drawing-rooms for something like a century. For I take it that Elizabethan freedom of

speech could only be paralleled nowadays in force, if not in variety, by what one unwillingly overhears in the street disputes of the less reputable classes. What a modern British matron would say under similar circumstances I confess I can form no idea, but I fancy she would be a very stupid specimen of the order if she did not manage to convey, in a manner no less irritating to the erring one, much the same significance as do the words of Lavinia in the play. Two things seem to me to be required for the full elucidation of this point. First, that Mr. Symons should tell us what Lavinia *ought* to have said. He is a poet, and quite capable of putting it in artistic form. Secondly, a version of a scene of similar kind from the pen of a modern lady-novelist. *Then* should we be in a position to judge if it is fair to characterise Lavinia's speeches as "gross, vile, and unwomanly."

In the meanwhile, before we can obtain these illuminative aids, I venture upon the dictum that Lavinia's speeches should not be so characterised, but that they are, all through, simply *maladroit*, and intentionally *maladroit*. For, be it observed, the difficulty with the dramatist is not to secure our sympathy with Lavinia, to whom it naturally flows, but to mitigate our pity for her by making her provocative. No one can fail to sympathise with Lavinia, and the object of the dramatist is rather to divide our sympathies than concentrate them. So in *Lear*, Cordelia's speech to her father is also very *maladroit*, and partly alienates our sympathies. Both Lavinia and Cordelia have a share of the family failings, and both exemplify, whether intentionally or no, the saying, that there is nearly always about virtue an element of harshness. And it seems to me that

the reader who allows his sympathy to be diverted so easily from poor Lavinia, has just incontinently fallen into the pit the subtle dramatist has dug for the unwary. The Andronici, like the Lear family, were too uncompromising, for good or evil; and even Lucius, who is made to be chastened and softened, as the play goes on, by pity and affection, is at first harsh and cruel; and the Alarbus incident, which is apparently the pure invention of the author of this version of the play, is at once the test of the Andronicus character, and the key to the stern justice of the piece. And the justice is terribly stern, especially so in the case of Lavinia, as in *Lear* in that of Cordelia. But, perhaps, it would be fairer to Shakespeare to say that what he aims at showing is not exactly the justice so much as the inexorable logic or causality of events. For while Lear and Titus have largely deserved their sufferings, this cannot be justly said of either Lavinia or Cordelia. They are involved in a fatal coil, and, though they do not deserve, yet their faults, slight as they seem, *contribute to* their own misfortunes and the general catastrophe. So far, then, from being "an unmixed blunder," and, therefore, we are told, not Shakespeare's work (as if such an essential character in the plot could possibly be wholly the work of a different hand to the rest), Lavinia is not only no blunder, but particularly subtly managed and specially characteristic of Shakespeare. For not only has she her successor in Cordelia, but she has her predecessor or contemporary in Lucrece, as Tamora has her successors in Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra, and her predecessors or contemporaries in Venus and Queen Margaret.

Now, while Shakespeare, like all writers of tragedy,

(Mr. Churton Collins points out the close resemblance between his plots and those of the Greek tragic dramatists), chooses terrible and even revolting plots, and spares his readers or audience little or nothing of their utmost horror, we feel, the more closely we study his plays, that this is not done in wantonness merely to harrow up our feelings, but that it is done partly on artistic dramatic grounds, and partly for the sake of what I have called the moral resultant, *i.e.* the production of that state of awe and pity which Aristotle so finely says is, and should be, the outcome of the best tragedy. Still we feel that he treats with a particular affection some of the milder and even weaker characters of his dramas. Although the phrase, "the gentle Shakespeare," must not be taken in any modern namby-pamby sense, everything we know goes to show that Shakespeare, unlike his stormy and riotous predecessors, Peele, Nash, Greene, and Marlowe, and the cantankerous Ben Jonson, was himself a man of peace. And in nearly all his plays we have characters of a mild type, some with a touch of melancholy, like Antonio in the *Merchant of Venice*; some like Richard II. and Henry VI., quite unequal to holding their own in stormy times, but portrayed by Shakespeare with a wealth of sympathy which he would hardly have lavished on characters not congenial to his own, characters which were probably not popular with his rumbustious Elizabethan audiences, who revelled in his villains and heroes. As we have so little to guide us as to which parts Shakespeare himself took, and only know definitely that he took Adam in *As You Like It*, and The Ghost in *Hamlet*, we may innocently indulge in a speculation, which is, that Shakespeare wrote these "mild" parts for *himself*. Now

one of the characters of his attributed plays which best exemplifies this type is Marcus, brother of Titus, the peaceful tribune, the admiring brother, the loving and sympathetic uncle, the character who is almost alone kept guiltless throughout the drama. I feel sure Shakespeare took great pains with this character, and gave him, as he often does these gentle characters, no small share in the literary and poetic honours of the piece. His scene with poor Lavinia is the most touching in the play, and his description of her lute-playing a piece of the purest poetry. Nor is Marcus weak, though a man of peace himself, and we feel the fitness of the words of Æmilius—

> Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
> And bring our Emperor gently in your hand!

That Emperor was, of course, Lucius (who has a similar rôle to the Lucius in *Cymbeline*); and Lucius, as we have already said, is a character softened and chastened during the progress of the play. He is less involved in the horrors of the play, after the Alarbus incident, than the others, and his killing Saturninus, who had the moment before stabbed Titus his father, was at once instinctive and defensible. His distinguishing feature is his brotherly affection to his brethren as well as to Lavinia, a brotherly affection that Shakespeare is fond of depicting, and which he evidently valued as often coming nearer to pure disinterested personal love than even that between parents and children, or lover and mistress. Nor is Lucius wanting in true filial affection. His tenderness to his father when pleading for his two sons' lives to the deaf and departing tribunes is very beautiful—

> O noble father, you lament in vain;
> The tribunes hear you not, no man is by.

There remain the two brothers, claimants—one successful, and the other unsuccessful—to the Empire, Saturninus and Bassianus. In the old *Titus and Vespasia*, the former is just called the Kaiser or Emperor, and Bassianus is simply known as the "husband of Andronica," *i.e.* Lavinia. Where Shakespeare got the name Saturninus I do not know, as there is no Roman Emperor of the name. He may have coined it from Saturn, as a name of evil omen (see notes on Aaron's speech, Act II. iii. 31). *Bassianus* is a close analogue of *Bassanio*, and Shakespeare is fond of repeating or slightly varying names; as, for instance, in the cowardly Sir John Fastolfe in *1 Henry VI.* we have a close analogue of our friend Sir John Falstaff, originally Oldcastle, in *Henry IV.*

With regard to the two rival brothers, and Shakespeare is very fond of the theme, having it twice over in this play alone, what is first remarkable is the skill with which he clearly distinguishes the two characters. Their claims are differently based, the one on primogeniture and favour of the aristocracy, the other on virtues he implicitly claims in his first speech and in the favour of tribunes and people. Saturninus is a despicable character, ungrateful and suspicious, weak, cruel, and a slave of his desires, as his sudden change from Lavinia to Tamora shows; and I think Bassianus certainly implies grave defects in his brother's character in his first speech.

Bassianus, on the other hand, is virtuous, a constant lover and husband, and an honourable and unsuspicious man, readily forgiving Titus the injustice he wished to inflict on him. Even if we judge, with some, harshly of his uncompromising remarks to Tamora, he is one

of the most worthy and innocent characters in the play.

It is often stated by the assailants of Shakespeare's authorship of the play that it lacks the comic characters which Shakespeare usually introduces for relief to the tragic stress of his serious dramas. This, in the first place, is not literally correct, because there can be no doubt that the Clown with the basket of pigeons is as much intended as "comic relief" as is the more famous Porter in *Macbeth*. He belongs, too, most unmistakably to a type, the rustic clown, of which Shakespeare is very fond, and which he continually repeats, if with increasing skill and success. These clowns are clearly copied from the English country bumpkin of his own day, and in their misuse of words they give us the beginnings of Mrs. Malaprop. Mr. Crawford has collected the parallelisms with this scene from *Love's Labour's Lost*, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Winter's Tale*, and *The Merchant of Venice*, in which Costard, the Clown, Quince, and Old Gobbo form the closest of parallels to this earlier study. But, what is perhaps yet more remarkable, he points out the frequent use of the basket in Shakespeare's plays, especially the basket with doves in it, as in *Titus Andronicus*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and that with herbs, *Romeo and Juliet*, or with fruit (concealing the asp) in *Antony and Cleopatra*. That these characters and scenes are strongly typical and characteristic of Shakespeare I think no reasonable person can possibly doubt. Although we do not find this clown very funny, he says one quaint thing, closely resembling a saying of Old Gobbo's—"God forbid I should be so bold as press to heaven in my young days." In fact, the English rustic is not by nature such a

ready source of humour as either the Scotch or the Irish, and it takes even Shakespeare all his time, and sometimes even more than all, to make him very funny. If he had only been a Scotchman or Irishman, what fun we should have had!

Now, I think, without any flattery to myself, or those whose criticisms and researches have so greatly assisted me, I may say that a very formidable case has been made out in favour of Shakespeare being, to all intents and purposes, the author of the play of *Titus Andronicus* as we now have it. Mr. Crawford is prepared, and his most remarkable parallelisms must be seen and studied to be fully appreciated, to maintain that Shakespeare "wrote every word of it." I will not go so far as this, especially because there are one or two points in which the piece is dramatically weak, such as when the two brothers fall into the pit, and when Tamora tries to befool Titus in the character of Revenge. I feel that if Shakespeare had conceived these scenes originally, or had even very carefully remodelled them, he might have made them much more convincing.

But some of the unfavourable criticisms are quite beside the mark, and show a careless reading on the part of the critic. For example, many critics cry out on the alleged improbability of Titus, an old man with his one hand (his left) cut off, aided by the handless Lavinia, having been able to cut the throats of Demetrius and Chiron. This criticism is founded on a very loose reading of the play, for not only does the affair take place in Titus' *own house in the presence of a number of his friends*, but, before he attempts anything, the two victims are not only *securely bound* hand and foot, but *gagged*, so as to be unable to speak or to use their mouths and teeth, as they might otherwise have done. So

that to a powerful, if aged, man like Titus, acting under strong excitement and armed with a razor, there could be no possible difficulty in executing his dire revenge. Revolting the scene may be and is, improbable it certainly is not; no more improbable than that the professional hangman can put the noose over the head of his pinioned victim. Another critic, in his anxiety to find fault, forgets that Titus encloses a knife along with the letter to Saturninus, conveyed by the Clown. The business of this knife and the shooting of the arrows seems, indeed, to want some elucidation. But Titus seems to have had two objects at this point — the one to convince both friends and enemies of his madness, and the other, in a kind of bravado, to warn the latter of their approaching fate. Neither of these motives or aims seem at all out of character in a man burning for and plotting revenge, and apparently recklessly confident of success.

The Spanish Tragedy, now generally attributed, with the exception of late additions, to Thomas Kyd, is the *Jeromino* of Ben Jonson's allusion to *Jeromino* and *Andronicus*. It was at one time thought that the plays might be by the same author or authors, but I do not think that is a theory worth discussion now. For, if Kyd's authorship of *The Spanish Tragedy* be admitted, and the force of the foregoing arguments for Shakespeare's authorship of *Andronicus* acknowledged, it seems idle indeed to attempt to identify the authors as one person. But, apart from that, neither in general dramatic structure, in style of versification, in the power of character discrimination, nor with regard to the "moral resultant," do the two plays, despite some similarities in the story, seriously resemble each

other. For, if we are to go upon mere verbal similarities, or even upon passages and characters whose close resemblance suggest imitation or even conscious plagiarism, it is hardly too much to say, that were we not safeguarded by dates and direct contemporary evidence, it would be perfectly easy to make out an almost equally good case for Marlowe, Greene, Peele, or Kyd, or even Beaumont and Fletcher, having written the plays attributed to Shakespeare, or to each other; or, on the other hand, for Shakespeare having written theirs. The fact is, that if there ever was such a thing as a *literary school*, it was that which produced the Elizabethan drama which culminated in Shakespeare's masterpieces. Shakespeare was not a dwarf on a giant's back, even if we call Marlowe a giant. He was a man of giant stature raised still higher on the shoulders of his predecessors. Like the early Christians, the members of this school seem to have "had all things in common." They emulated, imitated, and, as we should say, stole from each other, without the slightest scruple. The plots they used were common property, being seldom or never, especially in tragedy, invented by the dramatist, whose object does not seem to have been so much to produce an original contribution to literature, as to write a successful play. This was undoubtedly Shakespeare's view, who certainly *at first* regarded his dramas as ephemeral productions compared with his sonnets and narrative poems.[1] So, if one dramatist wrote a successful

[1] I incline to Mr. Swinburne's view, that Shakespeare latterly, at any rate, recognised the value of his own dramatic work, and took pains in revising it for the First Folio. The wonderful scene in *Titus*, where Marcus kills the fly, may be a later addition, though Shakespeare's tendency was rather to prune down than to expand in his editing of his plays.

play, or created a popular character, it was sure to be imitated and even burlesqued, or developed and improved upon by some of his fellow-dramatists. Dramatic characters will always have a tendency to be typical, and it is only in the hands of a master like Shakespeare that these types become living creations and individual characters; and the inferiority of Jonson, and the Restoration dramatists that follow him, lay just in this, that the types remain types rather than characters throughout. Now, in real life, everyone, to some extent, belongs to a type, and at the same time differs from it. I may be a miser, or a spendthrift, a fop or a villain, a clown or a pedant, voluptuary or ascetic, and yet even in my miserliness, etc. etc., I will differ from other misers, spendthrifts, etc., and still more will I combine with my miserliness, and so forth, traits which distinguish me from all the misers, etc., who ever lived. It is the same in prose fiction; and all successful "creations" in novels are at once types and individuals, and not only human types, but what we may call literary types, being traceable from one author to another. All really vital fiction, whether in prose or verse, presents us with these individualised types. No better illustration of this can be given than Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims, who are avowedly types and yet unmistakably individuals. We recognise a character for human by its typical elements which we find in ourselves or others, but it becomes a personality for us by its individual traits. We feel as certain that there exists, or could exist, only *one* Sir John Falstaff as we do regarding the living persons we know that they, even if commonplace, are still distinct and single personalities; for this power of uniting the type and the individual is in no

writer so pronounced as in Shakespeare himself. Nothing would be easier than to classify all Shakespeare's characters into a series of well-defined types; nothing is more certain than that we should find each member of the series to possess a clear individuality. Now this is not the case, or, at least, to anything like the same degree, with the very best of his rivals or immediate successors. For my own part, I cannot find the same real *vitality* in the best and greatest of Marlowe's characters that one almost invariably finds in even the least and worst of Shakespeare's. That Shakespeare emulated, admired, copied, and, if you like so to phrase it, stole from Marlowe, I am not in the least interested to deny; but that even in Shakespeare's earliest plays his characters have this vitality or individuality that Marlowe's and the others' lack, I am prepared very roundly to assert and, if so subtle a matter can be argued, to maintain.

Now I will take what is, so far as we can obtain it in literature, an objective test, and I will ask how does it come that the works of Shakespeare are still generally read, and still acted with success in every country where they may be said to be really accessible, and that, to all intents and purposes, the works of his most able contemporaries are, so far as the general public goes, dead, both as literature and as drama? No doubt *connoisseurs* of literature and the drama read their works, with more or less sincere enjoyment, but what does the average man or woman care about them, or know about them, apart from having the names of their works thrust before them at school or college? Now, anyone who has any taste for poetic and dramatic literature can *read* the best books of

Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson or Webster, with, perhaps, a pleasure akin to that he derives from those of Shakespeare himself, but the pleasure, I will undertake to say, arises from the *literary*, rather than the *creative* power they display. Both *Doctor Faustus* and the *Jew of Malta* are magnificently *written*. But what is Faustus, as a character-creation, beside Macbeth or Iago, Lear or Hamlet, or Barrabas beside Shylock or Iago, or even Aaron! For although, undoubtedly, the mind of the author of *Titus Andronicus* was running strongly on Barrabas and kindred characters in the plays of his predecessors, yet in the marvellous scenes between Aaron and his black child, the character rises into the region of creative power, from which it descends when he relapses into the Barrabas vein. So marked is this that one suspects that Shakespeare, some of whose best plays—such as *Macbeth*—show signs of haste and carelessness, left some of the older and cruder material standing in Aaron's last speeches. Coleridge, who is sometimes unhappy in his Shakespeare criticisms, implies that Shakespeare was dull and slack at the openings of his plays, and only "took fire" as he got on in the story. On the contrary, I think Shakespeare opens his plays with great care and art, and nowhere more so than in *Titus Andronicus*, where he manages in the one scene, and without the use of any tedious narrative, to put the reader in possession, not only of the essential elements of the story, but of those of the moral problem which he proposes to work out. The moral is, that cruelty and injustice lead to revenge yet more cruel, and culminate in a yet more horrible vengeance, in which the avenged and

the avenger are alike overwhelmed. Titus' vengeance was, it is true, a kind of wild justice; but we do not feel that the author exults in it, or even approves of it; and I think the moral resultant of the play is forcibly to recall the text: "Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord." We see this clearly in the final speeches of Marcus and Lucius, who seem thoroughly conscious that by such deeds and by this creed of vengeance, not only are individuals outraged and families destroyed, but the whole fabric of society and the state endangered. It is the moral of the three parts of *Henry VI.*, if not of nearly all the historical plays. The squeamish and namby-pamby persons who would strike this powerful and, if you will, appalling tragedy from the roll of Shakespeare's works (and at that rate should treat the *Medea* of Euripides, if not the *Agamemnon* of Æschyles in a similar manner), seem to have little idea of the high purposes of Tragedy, or of the intensity of moral purpose and clearness of moral and spiritual insight which that of Shakespeare, at any rate, displays.

That modern weakness of moral fibre, that false sentimentalism, which tends to make our sympathies go to the side of the criminal rather than his victim, was not characteristic of the more masculine Elizabethan age. Shakespeare himself, indeed, is never lacking in sympathetic treatment of his very worst characters, but he never flinches from allotting them the punishment they deserve. [I speak, of course, of Tragedy, and not of Comedy, where these severe sentences cannot, in the nature of things, be carried out.] In the present play, for instance, he gives Tamora as much excuse and sympathy as it is

possible justly to accord her. But she is partner, if not chief instigator, of horrible crimes, and crimes against those, Bassianus and Lavinia, who had personally done her no wrong, and for this the dramatist feels bound to mete out appropriate punishment. Her mere killing in the end of the tragedy, when all the leading characters are killed off as a matter of course, would not be sufficient. In times when witches and heretics and more ordinary criminals were tortured and burnt, Tamora's punishment, if gruesome, could not be regarded as excessive. She had been false to her womanhood, if to nothing else, in refusing to Lavinia the mercy of death, and handing her over to her ruffian sons. Rape has, is, and always should be regarded as one of the most heinous of crimes, and, in a sense, far worse than murder; and the woman who encouraged, if she did not contrive, this outrage on one of her own sex, is guilty of a crime all the more heinous that it lacks the natural, if brutal, incentive of the actual ravishers. It is the most revolting crime which Shakespeare attributes to a woman in all his plays, and he accords it the most horrible punishment. Even her maternal instincts and affections do not carry her very far, for the moment a child of her body, gotten of the one man she loved, is a danger to her, she hands it over without compunction to the butcher's knife. Is it then so unjust, is it even so gratuitously horrible, to make this woman, thus false even to her instincts, eat the flesh and blood of her own offspring? For the woman, indeed, who was the moral murderer of her two sons, in encouraging them to commit the vilest of crimes, and who was in intention an infanticide, could there really be any more appropriate horror of punishment?

That Shakespeare did not invent the episode is certain from its occurring in the ballad. And he had also it ready to his hand in the Philomela legend to which he more than once alludes in this play. Shakespeare seems consistently throughout his plays to be always endeavouring to arouse our feeling for the morally horrible by presenting us with the physically horrible. Thus, in *Lear*, the gouging of Gloucester's eyes, the hanging of Cordelia, and the physical sufferings of Lear are all meant to symbolise and signalise what is morally revolting in the conduct of Lear's two elder daughters. Shakespeare, like his almost sole rival in the sphere of spiritual morals, Robert Browning,[1] sets the highest value on the instincts of natural affection, although Shakespeare so carefully teaches us the inadequacy of these instincts when they do not eventuate in really personal love.

Poor Titus himself, like Lear, has more than expiated his faults by his sufferings, and his death comes rather as release than punishment. Aaron, like Iago, as being the most wantonly and maliciously wicked, is reserved for unspeakable torment; but it is remarkable that neither here nor elsewhere does Shakespeare appeal to the guilty fear or prospect of future retribution as a source of punishment to his villains. He strives to make his moral sequences and laws "come full circle" within the compass of his tragedies. Except in the case of Hamlet's father, I believe there is little in Shakespeare to show his belief in a physical Hell or Purgatory. Christian as Shakespeare is in spirit, he will have little to do with what we may call Christian theology or mythology as such, and still less with what we

[1] See especially *Ivan Ivanovitch*.

may call evangelical sentiment. He is too stern a realist, and too earnest a student of life and human nature as he saw it, to extricate his characters from the inevitable results of their crimes and passions by any cheap and sudden conversion. In some of his comedies the bad characters must, perforce, in a way, repent and turn from their evil ways; but in his tragedies, as a rule, following his own powerful first sketch of the "Death of the wicked man," Cardinal Beaufort, who "dies and gives no sign," Shakespeare usually lets his bad characters die unrepentant. Indeed, he draws in *Hamlet* the terrible picture of a man striving to repent and unable to do so. The ordinary preacher strives to bring us to repentance by threatening that we shall have "no room for repentance." The question is not one of room, even in a metaphorical sense; it is the very faculty of repenting that is lacking. Those of us who are not deceived by the deceitfulness of our own hearts must all be aware how difficult it is really to repent of a sin as such. We regret readily the trouble and suffering our sins involve in ourselves and others, but how difficult it is to repent of the *sin itself*, or even to wish it had never been done! Shakespeare must have held, I think, as Browning does in *Easter Day*, that some men, if not all, are judged already. I take this to be the significance of Lear's "Ripeness is all," meaning spiritual ripeness for *good or evil*. When he wrote *Titus Andronicus* he had only the germs of this religious philosophy, and yet I cannot but think that the germs are certainly there. For the characters divide themselves into two groups—into those who are *decisively*, if not *absolutely*, bad, and those who are faulty. The decisively bad, as Aaron, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron,

and Saturninus, are sent to their account, without repentance and with appropriate punishment. The merely faulty, like Titus, Bassianus, and Lavinia, must be regarded as having fully expiated such faults or errors as they had committed. Titus like Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Coriolanus, Brutus, etc., commit faults, but it would be a very great misuse of language to call any of them bad men. Titus himself obviously does what he *thinks* right. His piety or his superstition make him really yield up Alarbus as a propitiatory sacrifice to the perturbed spirits of his dead sons. Mutius[1] he slays in a moment of passionate paternal indignation, caused by Lavinia's insubordination; and if we turn to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, we find Egeus possessing power of life and death over Hermia under similar circumstances. That Shakespeare thought Titus justified in his rash action, there is no reason to think, and there is no doubt his sympathies go largely with the two pairs of lovers. At the same time, he does seem to attach a certain amount of blame to a daughter's actual defiance of her father's commands, and I think he holds it a fault in Lavinia, as he clearly does in Desdemona, and as contributory to the catastrophe. Reading between the lines of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I should say that Shakespeare's own position was, that while a daughter had the right to refuse an unwelcome suitor, she was wrong to marry the favoured one in defiance of her father's wishes and commands; or, if he did not regard it as morally wrong, he regarded it as one of those acts that invariably bring a certain retribution in their train.

[1] As I point out in a note, for which I have to thank Mr. Crawford, Mutius, like Alarbus, is an invention of Shakespeare's own, and puts him wrong in the number of Titus' sons.

Theseus put the case for the father very strongly, though he obviously here, as in the Knight's tale of Chaucer, has great sympathy with the lovers. He says to Hermia—

> To you, your father should be as a god;
> One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
> To whom you are but as a form in wax,
> By him imprinted, and within his power
> To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Shakespeare, already a husband and father, may have sympathised with this view, but his heart goes out none the less to pure and faithful love.

Midsummer Night's Dream was in all probability written a year or two after *Titus Andronicus*, and had we been asked, without time for reflection, which of the plays of Shakespeare had the least in common with the *Dream*, we might easily have been betrayed into saying "*Titus Andronicus*, the most gruesome of tragedies, with the *Dream*, the most airy and delightful of comedies." But on looking a little closer (and here I am greatly indebted to Mr. Crawford's careful investigations), we find a really extraordinary resemblance between the two plays.

One point of resemblance lies in the despotic claims of the fathers I have already alluded to. But "in both plays," writes Mr. Crawford, "the will of the father is forestalled; Hermia elopes with Lysander, and Lavinia is abducted by Bassianus." The wood and its loneliness play an important part in both dramas, and in both we have the Hunting and the imperial or ducal Marriage. Demetrius, like his namesake in *Titus Andronicus*, quarrels

with Lysander, as his namesake with Chiron, and makes a dark threat to Helena, which might mean similar violence to that offered to Lavinia. Puck, as a comic Aaron, intervenes, and though he works only temporary mischief, he is for the time being the villain of the plot. Some of the leading ideas in the plot are strangely alike, as the marrying a captive queen by Theseus and Saturninus, and the changing of brides in the one, and the criss-cross love-making in the other. Even the sleepy fits of the lovers in the woods cannot fail to remind us of the preternatural drowsiness of the luckless Andronici in *Titus Andronicus*. Another curious link between the two plays is the use in both of the Pyramus and Thisbe legend, and curiously enough of the word "embrue" in a sense in which it does not occur in any of the other plays. The two plays are in one sense alike, and in another absolutely contrasted: just as a piece of tapestry or carpet presents the *same* design on both its sides in *reversed colours*. The inconstant Theseus is here a dignified and benignant figure, while the variable Saturninus is a malignant and despicable one. Helena pursuing Demetrius, and Lysander fleeing from Hermia are the reverses of Lavinia pursued by her two brutal lovers. Titania's temporary infatuation for Bottom has its tragic counterpart in Tamora's passion for Aaron.

Yet in some ways our first impression that the two plays afford more contrast than resemblance is not so far wrong.

Titus Andronicus is, I verily believe, Shakespeare's first essay in Tragedy, and it has all the characteristics of a first essay. It is the work of a man learning his business,

copying too closely[1] his predecessors, unsure of himself, and still unconscious of his superior powers; afraid of making trenchant alterations in his plot, unskilled in entwining it, as he so well could do later, with a second plot, timid and half-hearted in his attempt to give comic relief to the strain of the tragic interest, afraid of mulcting his audience of the sensationalism they loved. Yet he has the root of the matter in him: his power of distinctive characterisation; his working to a certain moral balance, development and resultant; his gift of humanising grotesque types of wickedness; his interest in psychologic and moral problems, which he afterwards returned to and triumphantly illustrated. He has already command of a noble poetic rhetoric, and the beginnings at least of fine versification. For both of which he may, and probably was, deeply indebted to Marlowe; but he was to put them to yet greater and nobler dramatic use.

In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, on the other hand, we have no longer the work of a student or scholar. There is no sign of diffidence, little or any of imitation; no timidity in combining ideas from various sources, no restraint or caution in the outlet of poetry, of fancy, and of exuberant humour. How we see the marks of maturity in the man of thirty, who must then begin to know his own powers, and the confidence born of success (such as that gained by *Titus Andronicus*), and the appreciation of that power by others.

Titus is forced and laboured, the metaphors, the conceits, the classical allusions are overdone and overloaded.

[1] I think the weakness of the "Quintus-and-Martius" and "Revenge" scenes are due to the close following of Marlowe.

We see the young athlete essaying feats rather beyond him.

In the *Dream*, we see the giant, who has thus developed his thews and sinews, at play with lighter clubs or weights. Play indeed to *him*, and yet work no one else can do. Here also, as later in *The Tempest*, he found himself able to indulge in his purely *poetic* vein, which was what he chiefly valued himself upon. It is an outworn commonplace to say that Shakespeare, like Scott, undervalued his own genius. But in both cases it is only partially true, and more particularly in that of Shakespeare, who seems to have been almost as unconscious of the incalculable value of his *dramatic* work as Scott was of his work in prose fiction. They both regarded themselves as public entertainers, so to speak, and Scott's *serious* interest was historic rather than literary and creative. Shakespeare's, on the other hand, was in the purely poetic, and in his sonnets, at any rate, he is not backward to declare the immortality of his verse. Like all other great idealists, he valued his work the most where he had to concede least to public taste, and wherein he felt himself most at liberty to express *himself*. Scott did not want to express himself; for it was mainly the historic pageant that fascinated him. Scott lacked the egotism that is almost essential to genius. Shakespeare suppresses or disguises his personality in his dramas, but not in the sonnets. Of course, both inevitably express *themselves* in their imaginative works; but Scott in a more negative way than Shakespeare.

One might go on writing almost for ever on the resemblances and parallelisms between *Titus Andronicus* and other plays of Shakespeare, resemblances which far outweigh

the coincidences to be found between *Titus Andronicus* and the works of other Elizabethans to whom it has been attributed. But I think enough has been said to convince any unprejudiced person that, at any rate, a strong case can be made out in favour of Shakespeare's authorship, and that to dismiss the idea with contempt, as most of the opponents of this idea do, is to show themselves either prejudiced or ignorant, or both. For, either they allow their dislike to the subject of the play entirely to warp their judgment, like Fleay and his followers, or they are ignorant of the powerful arguments and striking facts brought forward comparatively recently by Professor Schröer, Mr. Appleton Morgan, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Fuller, Professor Baker, and others in favour of Shakespeare's authorship.

But someone must have written the play, and if Shakespeare did not, who did?

Three other names have been mentioned as having been the possible authors of *Titus Andronicus*, namely, Thomas Kyd, George Greene, and Christopher Marlowe. Now the amusing thing is that those who advocate the claims of those various writers begin—at least, Dr. Grosart,[1] in his advocacy of Greene's claims, begins—by accepting the Ravenscroft assertion (for it is nothing else) that the play was by a "private author," and only touched up by Shakespeare. Now, we ask, how could either of these well-known dramatists be designed as a "private author"? Marlowe and Greene certainly, and probably Kyd, were better known as professed play-writers at the time the play was written than Shakespeare himself. By no possible stretch of language could any of them be called "private authors." So that

[1] *Englische Studien*, vol. xxii. p. 389, etc.

by citing Ravenscroft, Dr. Grosart gives the deathblow to his theory of Greene's authorship. The term "private author," if we accept Ravenscroft's statement, shuts out at one stroke all the well-known Elizabethan writers from the question; and if we do not accept the Ravenscroft story, there is *no foundation* in which to build any theory of a *non-Shakespearian* authorship at all. The anti-Shakespearian in this case cannot eat his cake and have it. He must either accept Ravenscroft or reject him; if he accepts him, we must content ourselves with an unknown and unknowable "private author"; if he rejects him, he has no foothold for any anti-Shakespearian theory whatsoever, and remains therefore spitted on the horns of a formidable dilemma. But suppose we pass over this case of logical suicide, and ask what further has Dr. Grosart to say in favour of Greene's authorship.

He repeats the sentimental objections, which I have, I think, utterly disposed of already, made by Furnival, Fleay, Hallam, and others, and has absolutely nothing to add to them. He is obliged to concede that Shakespeare had a hand in the play. He maintains that the German play was a "mutilated and barbarised" version of the play as we have it, a theory utterly upset by the Messrs. Fuller and Baker in their thorough examination of the Dutch and German versions, so that that part of his article is hopelessly out of date now. Finally he comes to the *piece de resistance* of his argument in a comparison of *Titus Andronicus* with a play called *Selimus*, a poor production, to judge by the quotations of Dr. Grosart, and, as far as my ear for verse tells me, written in the old wooden *Ti tum, ti tum, ti tum* style of verse, such as one finds in Kyd and such writers,

but not in Shakespeare, even in *Titus Andronicus*. But the joke is (or one of the jokes, for their name is legion) that we are by no means sure that this piece is *really by Greene at all*, and, if it were, it is no great credit to him. But why are we asked to believe that the author of *Selimus* wrote *Titus Andronicus*? The answer is really too childish. Because, forsooth, both teem with horrors (as the tragedies of the period did), and because in both pieces somebody gets their *hands cut off*! If anything could be argued at all from a coincidence so slight, and a matter which had its origin in the sources of play, and not in the author's own invention, would it not rather be that an author would rather avoid repeating himself in such point, and that the plays have different rather than the same authors! Neither Greene nor anyone else could take out a patent for this hand-mutilation, which existed, as we see in old sources, long before Shakespeare's time or Greene's, and which we must remember was still practised in their time and long after, as it is still east, if not west, of Suez. This form of argument is really equivalent to saying that because Barabbas and Shylock were both Jews, the plays must be by the same authors. By the bye, Dr. Grosart gives us the astonishing information that Aaron was a Jew. He says "Ăcomat (in *Selimus*) and Aaron (in *Titus Andronicus*) *were both Jews*," and so at the same time parodies his own argument and shows how little he knows of the subject of which he is treating. Aaron in *Titus Andronicus* is a Moor, and that is the point of the story as taken from the combined sources.

The whole article is in the same strain; arguing, if argument it can be called, that because Greene has some similar

incident to those in *Titus Andronicus*, only Greene could have written this play. These plots and incidents, as every tyro knows, were all common property among Elizabethan authors, and, as I have already said, on the excellent authority of Mr. Crawford, who at any rate *does know* his *Titus Andronicus*, Shakespeare borrowed from Greene, so that even close coincidences would be no proof of Greene's authorship. But of *close* coincidences Dr. Grosart has little or nothing to give us.

Then comes, what Dr. Grosart seems to regard as a crowning proof of Greene's authorship of *Titus Andronicus*, a list of twenty-five words, alleged to be found in that play and in Greene's works, but not in the acknowledged works of Shakespeare. If this list were correct it would amount to very little, that out of so many hundreds and thousands of words used by these two writers twenty-five should be common to Greene and *Titus Andronicus*. We have already acknowledged, and Mr. Crawford's parallelisms prove, that Shakespeare made no bones about borrowing from Greene much more than mere single words. But the list is very inaccurate; it is on the verge of being disingenuous. Certainly not less than one-half of the words consist either (1) of words like "architect," "alphabet," etc., which, having practically no synonyms, must be used by any writer if he wishes to express a certain idea; (2) of proper names like Enceladus, Hymenæus, Progne, and Philomela, which were doubtless familiar to both writers, and in two out of the four the difference is merely in form, as Shakespeare has *Hymen* and *Philomel* frequently; (3) of words which *do* occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, as "continence," "dandle," and "dazzle," "gad," "headless," and "extent"; (4) of words which *do*

not occur in Greene, as the form "bear whelp," "devourers," "passionate" (the verb), and "venereal." Deducting these words, fifteen in all, we get the grand total of ten words common to Greene and *Titus Andronicus*! This surely speaks for itself as to the forced feebleness of this argument.

Into the larger list of "words used frequently by Greene and seldom by Shakespeare," it is useless to enter after this exposé of the other far more significant list.

Finally, Dr. Grosart is forced to admit that Shakespeare had a hand in the play, and is obliged to throw overboard the unfavourable opinions of such critical authorities (*sic*) as Gerald Massey and Verplanck on the merits of *Titus Andronicus* as we have it. He has also to acknowledge the admirable handling of Tamora, and the resemblances to other Shakespearian characters. That Greene should come as a "private author" to submit his play to the "touching up" of a younger dramatist like Shakespeare, whom he envied and hated, is quite inconceivable. The anti-Shakespearians must either abide by Ravenscroft and his "private" and undiscoverable author, or abandon Ravenscroft, and with him any real or even plausible foundation for their theories.

But sentiment always dies harder than argument, and I feel sure the sentimental objection to Shakespeare's authorship, on the ground of the revolting incidents in this play, will be no exception to this rule. At the same time, it would be waste of energy further to emphasise or enforce the arguments against this sentimental objection. Still, for the benefit of those who remain of open mind on the subject, I would briefly remind them of the character of

the Elizabethan drama contemporary with the writing of *Titus Andronicus*.

I will give a few quotations, all of which have been quoted by other editors, but which will serve our turn once more.

In Haywood's *Apology for Actors* he thus describes the rough-and-tumble sensationalism of the "Tragedy of Blood." "To see, as I have seen, Hercules, in his own shape, hunting the boar, knocking down the bull, taming the hart, murdering Geryon, slaughtering Diomede, wounding the Stymphalides, killing the Centaurs, pushing the lion, squeezing the dragon, dragging Cerberus in chains,—these were sights to make an Alexander!" The old play of *Jeronimo* or *Hieronimo* ended with the following appetising catologue of horrors:—

> Horatio murdered in his father's bower,
> Vile Serbarine by Pedringano slain,
> False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device,
> Fair Isabella by herself undone,
> Prince Balthazar by Belimperia stabbed,
> The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
> Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
> By Belimperia fallen as Dido fell,
> And good Hieronimo slain by himself,—
> *Aye, these were spectacles to please my soul.*

The italics are mine, as I think the line so well exemplifies the gusto with which the dramatic author weltered in blood, and the fierce joy with which the audience would applaud his banquet of horrors. So at the end of the first act of *The Magicall Raigne of Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, attributed to Greene, we have the comforting assurance that "if the first part, gentles, do like you well, the second part shall greater wonders tell."

If this, then, were the temper of the dramatic writers and audiences of the time, what wonder that Shakespeare, a comparative beginner, sought in his own phrase to "outherod Herod" by selecting a plot so rife with horrors as *Titus Andronicus*! And his selection was justified by the event, for this play was obviously a great success, and no doubt laid the foundation of Shakespeare's reputation as a writer of Tragedy, just as it also forms the first, if in some respects the worst, of his great series of "Roman" plays.

There is a point of great importance, but which it is quite impossible for me to enter upon here with the necessary fulness; I mean, the question of versification. And the reason of this is that I am very sceptical of the value of the usually-employed, what I must be excused calling the mechanical tests, by which it is sought to discriminate between what is Shakespeare's and what is not. As a writer of hundreds of lines of blank verse myself, which some critics rightly or wrongly have praised, I confess to feeling a revolt against such tests as "feminine endings," "run-on lines," "feminine cæsuras," and so forth, being used as a decisive test of authorship. One thing I feel perfectly certain of is, that Marlowe, Shakespeare, and even Milton, and later Tennyson, Keats, Browning, and Swinburne, never consciously thought of these things, but wrote by ear, as a musical composer does. But it may, no doubt, be argued that writers may have an unconscious preference for certain rhythmic effects without analysing them, and that is perfectly true. But would any of these analytic measurers of Shakespeare's verse undertake to distinguish by their rules between the blank verse of Milton, Keats, Tennyson,

Browning, or Swinburne? I greatly doubt it, and yet these all write blank verse with a difference, which to the trained ear is often very marked. The fact is that so many phonetic elements, alliteration, assonance, and other consonantal or vocal juxtapositions, enter into the structure of blank verse, that it would require a far more delicate and complex verse-analysis to give anything like an adequate test, which could be relied upon to distinguish between the verse of one writer and another. But this complex verse-analysis has never been thoroughly worked out. I have given a great deal of attention to it myself, and intend to return to it again as soon as possible; but my results are not ripe enough to be applied with confidence to the present case, and even to explain my method would take far too long on this occasion.

But let not the reader imagine that I am making light of these mechanical tests because they make against Shakespeare's authorship of *Titus Andronicus*. On the contrary, Professor Schröer[1] has gone into this matter very thoroughly, and, so far as he arrives at any positive results, they favour Shakespeare's authorship.

Now I fancy every expert in verse, just as an expert in any other art, would fancy that he could distinguish in the great majority of cases between the works of different masters. What, for example, would be the Olympian wrath of an art-critic if one told him he could not tell a Velasquez from a Rembrandt, a Constable from a Turner, and so forth! So, I think, a literary expert might be justifiably wroth if told he could not distinguish between the verse of Tennyson and Browning, Milton and Keats

[1] *Ueber Titus Andronicus*, p. 31, etc.

Shelley or Byron. No doubt every line or verse is not intensely characteristic of its author; but, given a fair number of examples and quotations of sufficient length, I am inclined to think the expert would be very frequently right.

Now, having tried to write nearly every known form of English verse and experimented in new ones, I think I may without vanity claim to be an expert in regard to versification; and I therefore think that my impressions of the verse of this play may not be without value.

The versification of this play varies considerably, being at times somewhat humdrum, but never *bad*, never quite so mechanical as to suggest the possibility of so wooden and defective a metrist as Kyd having any hand in it. On the other hand, there are a good many passages of great metrical beauty, a metrical beauty such that taken in connection with their other merits, it appears to me that there were only two men who could have written them—Marlowe or Shakespeare. Now the play as a whole cannot be by Marlowe, because he cannot be the "private author" of the Ravenscroft invention, nor is it conceivable that had Marlowe written it Shakespeare would not have been suffered to rob him, as in that case he must have done, of all the credit of such a successful play. The same argument applies to Greene, as shown above, and I personally think these passages are beyond Greene, even at his best, and Greene's blank verse has to my ear a more mechanical rhythm than either Marlowe's or Shakespeare's.

To revert for a moment to more obvious points in versification, such as the presence of rhymed couplets, faulty or broken lines, and matters of accentuation and pronuncia-

tion, I think I may safely and broadly assert that the play shows nothing that militates against Shakespeare's authorship. In fact, in all these points the practices of the author of *Titus Andronicus* and of Shakespeare in his later and greater plays will be found to agree. The rhymed couplets, for instance, are generally used to clinch some important point in the argument, or as a finish at the end of a scene, act, or important speech. The occurrence of four-feet and six-feet lines instead of the ordinary five-feet line is by no means confined to this play, as will be found by reference to Abbott's *Grammar* and similar books, and the same may be said of broken lines, which usually mark passages of high excitement. So that any inferences to be drawn from these practices or defects tell only in favour rather than against Shakespeare's claim.

I have pointed out in the notes to this play that there is a great difficulty in making out a consistent time-scheme for the action, especially between the first and second Acts, where an interval seems absolutely necessary; but it is impossible, unless we adopt the somewhat awkward hypothesis that there were two great huntings, instead of one, to work out a logical time-scheme. But this is only of a piece with Shakespeare's treatment of the time element in his other plays, where he seems quite regardless of consistency in this respect, and conforms the time to the necessities of the story, quite apart from actual probabilities and possibilities; so that this fault, if fault it be, only serves to confirm Shakespeare's authorship.[1] The fact is, Shakespeare wrote

[1] P. A. Daniel, "Time Analysis of Titus Andronicus," *New Shak. Soc.*, Series I. pt. II. vol. vi. p. 188. Edward Rose, "The Inconsistency of Time in Shakespeare's Plays," *New Shak. Soc.*, Series I. vol viii. p. 33.

for his audiences, and not for the student and critic in the closet. In the rush of passion and action in such a drama no audience whatever would pause to notice, still less to discuss, such discrepancies. But what is extremely remarkable is that while Shakespeare sets at nought the probabilities and even possibilities of time and place, still more the so-called unities of time and space, no dramatic author so well exemplifies the essential conditions of Aristotle's doctrine of what Tragedy is and ought to be. So much so that in lecturing on Aristotle's Poetics to my class, I was not only able, I was indeed often compelled, to use examples from Shakespeare, as the best illustrations of what is most essential in Aristotle's doctrine. At the same time, Shakespeare avoids the one salient error of Aristotle's theory, the undue exaltation of the "fable" over the "characterisation." Indeed, were one to go on internal evidence alone, one would be tempted to argue that Shakespeare must have had access to Aristotle's Treatise. This he may have obtained, either through a Latin version, or through conversations with Ben Jonson, who, being a good scholar, could read the original.

I have treated the question of the authorship of this play very fully; because, as I have already indicated, *there* lies the key of the whole position regarding the authorship of the Shakespearian plays. The man who wrote *Titus Andronicus*, in what we may call his dramatic youth, had undoubtedly sufficient classical and other learning, sufficient literary and poetic ability, ample psychologic acumen and dramatic genius to have written in his maturity all the masterpieces associated with the name of Shakespeare. If it was not the same man who wrote the great tragedies attributed to

Shakespeare, it was a man of kindred, if not equal, genius. It was a man, moreover, whose outlook on life was strangely similar to that we find developed in the later plays. That there were two men so greatly gifted living at the same time, the one unknown and obscure, the other already famous, is an hypothesis too grotesque to be worth a moment's consideration. Or that the obscure man could have supplied the famous man with all these great plays without this prolonged and gigantic fraud being discovered is quite, to my mind, beyond the bounds of possibility. Surrounded by jealous and bitter rivals as Shakespeare was, such a fraud must have been immediately exposed. All I ask of the reader is, that he clear his mind of the cant and prejudice which will not listen to argument because the play is not to their taste, and therefore "cannot be by Shakespeare." Shakespeare's greatness lies greatly in this, that he took a wider and larger grip of the whole facts of life and human experience than any other author. In doing so he had to include the horrible, the criminal, and the revolting, just as he had in another direction to include the impure as well as the pure, the coarse and the obscene as well as the refined and the noble. Now I know this will seem to many very shocking, like many of the daily facts of life, but I say that it is impossible for any author to represent life in its totality, unless he is allowed a like moral range. Scott, for instance, will always seem limited in his presentment of life compared with Homer, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and even Fielding. It is not mere prurience that takes us to Rabelais and Boccaccio, or to the coarser poems of Dunbar and Burns. It is that we feel that these authors are holding nothing back from us, and are painting

life as it is, beneath the veneer of civilisation and conventional morals. No doubt these authors emphasise this lower side of human nature, but they help to fill out that picture of life which it is the function of literature to present. Shakespeare stands almost, if not quite, alone in his extraordinary moral range from the lowest, the most horrible, the most villainous, up to characters which unite the sweetness of indubitable womanhood with the endurance of the martyr and the purity of the angel. In his early plays Shakespeare does not reach these heights; though Lavinia (*pace* Mr. Symons), as a first study in pure suffering womanhood, is not unworthy of the future creator of Cordelia and Imogen.

There remains to me only the pleasant business of thanking those scholars and gentlemen to whom I have been so largely indebted for assistance in my labours on this play.

I will begin with Mr. W. J. Craig, the general Editor of the Arden Series, whose indefatigable zeal in revising and supplementing my notes to the play I cannot too warmly acknowledge. Next in order I would name my friend, Professor Arnold Schröer, formerly of Freiburg (in Breisgau) University, and now in the *Handels-Hochschule* in Cologne. My indebtedness to Professor Schröer dates back to my Freiburg days when I attended his lectures—some of them on Shakespeare's plays—and had much interesting converse with him on such matters. But in the present case I have received help from him in several ways. In the first place, his treatise on this play, already referred to more than once, has been of great service to me, and is in my opinion one of the soundest and most

scholarly utterances on the subject with which I am acquainted. In the next place, I have to thank him for putting at my disposal not only his rich private library, but also that in the English Seminar of the *Handels-Hochschule* in Cologne. Further, I am in his debt for valuable criticisms and advice regarding this work, and especially this Introduction.

Next in order I must put on record the generosity displayed by Mr. Charles Crawford in putting at my disposal his wonderful acquaintance with Elizabethan literature. I was not previously known to Mr. Crawford, and we have never met, but he has spared no trouble, not only in giving me the benefit of his researches, but in writing me fully on various interesting points.

My work on this play demanded that I should have all the literature of the subject at hand, a matter perhaps impossible in any one place except the British Museum. I am therefore glad of this opportunity of mentioning the great consideration and courtesy with which I have been treated, not only by the library officials in my own University of St. Andrews and in University College, Dundee, but also those of the University of Edinburgh, who kindly lent me works of great value for my purpose.

Nor should I feel justified in closing this list of thank-offerings without mention of the assistance I received from Mr. Appleton Morgan's admirable Introduction to this play in the *Bankside Shakespeare*, and to Mr. Arthur Symons for his trenchant and stimulating preface to the Facsimile Edition of this drama. I have learnt much from the other articles, too numerous to mention here, to which I make reference in the notes to this Introduction, or to

the text of the play. Nor should I neglect to acknowledge the invaluable assistance received from such works as *The New English Dictionary*, Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, and Bartlett's *Concordance*.

It may, perhaps, be better to guard against any possibility of misapprehension on the part of my readers, if I conclude by restating in few words exactly what my position is regarding this much-disputed play.

I do not think I take up an extreme, still less an untenable, position when I say that I *believe*—for *absolute proof* is out of the question—that *Titus Andronicus*, in the version which we have, is essentially and substantially the work of the same author as the later and greater plays which were, in common with it, attributed to Shakespeare during his lifetime. I do not maintain that every line and passage is Shakespeare's *own original* writing. But I do hold that the play, *as a whole*, betrays, not only in detail, but perhaps still more in the general structure and modelling, in its characterisation, its outlook on life, and what I call its "moral resultant," such unmistakable signs of the same fictive and creative powers, which we find in perfection in his acknowledged masterpieces, that we must hold him responsible, whether we like it or no, for the drama as it stands.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus Andronicus.*

SEMPRONIUS,
CAIUS,
VALENTINE, } *Kinsmen to Titus.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS,
DEMETRIUS,
CHIRON, } *Sons to Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: Rome, and the Country near it.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Rome.*

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing. The Tribunes and Senators aloft; and then enter SATURNINUS *and his Followers at one door, and* BASSIANUS *and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,

4. *successive*] legitimate, in due succession to his father. *Vide 2 Henry VI.* III. i. 49; *Hamlet*, v. ii. 284. Steevens quotes a like use of it from Raleigh.

5. *his first-born . . . that*] A construction no longer allowable in English = I am the first-born son of him who was the last, etc. "That" for modern "who" is frequent in Shakespeare.

8. *age*] seniority, *i.e.* deprive me of what is due me as the elder son. A form of half-personification or synecdoche very common in Shakespeare.

9. *Romans, friends, followers, etc.*] It is well to note how carefully the characters of the two brothers are distinguished from the first, and the different style of their address to their followers. Bassianus speaks in that strain of *aristocratic* republicanism

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the crown.*

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home

which we find both in Julius Cæsar and Coriolanus. Saturninus, a despicable character throughout, appeals merely to his right by primogeniture.

12. *Keep*] defend, hold.

15. *continence*] may either have a rather broader meaning than that we now give it = self-mastery, or may be in allusion to known defects in his brother's character. The *New Eng. Dict.* quotes from Elyot: "Continence is a virtue which keepeth the plesaunt appetite of man under the yoke of reason."

16. *pure election*] free choice, apart from the considerations of birth, which were in favour of his brother.

19. *empery*] rule, absolute sway, *Henry V.* I. ii. 226.

21. *special party*] as representatives. Party in Shakespeare means cause, interest, party (in political or military sense), and never has the (vulgar) modern use = person.

22. *In election, etc.*] This seems to mean, not that Titus was finally elected Emperor, but was put forward as candidate by the people, as distinguished from the Patricians, the Senate, etc. He was merely *candidatus*, as Marcus says in a later speech.

24. *deserts*] merit, good deeds, as in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, "If you retain desert of holiness," *New. Eng. Dict.*

27. *accited*] summoned. This and other slightly pedantic words in the

From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field.
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bass. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,

play, used in their purely classic sense, have been cited as arguments against Shakespeare's authorship. But we find the same thing in other plays, such as *Macbeth*, where such words as "convince"=overcome, "inform"=shape (Lat. *informare*) are quite common.

29. *That*] who, or he who. Very common in Shakespeare. See Abbott, pars. 258, etc.

30. *yok'd*] brought under the yoke, as *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. 40; *1 Henry VI.* II. iii. 64.

42. *pretend*] profess, claim. As in the original meaning of "The Pretender"=claimant, whether justly or no.

47. *affy*] confide in; occurs in *2 Henry VI.* IV. i. = betroth. *New Eng. Dict.* has "so greatly she affied him," Turberville.

Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bass. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way! the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

52. *Gracious*] has numerous meanings in Shakespeare—(1) kind, (2) agreeable, (3) holy, (4) fortunate, (5) lovely, (6) condescending (applied to kings, etc.); but here either (3) or (5). Schmidt.

55, 59. *cause*] the decision, or trial of the matter, as often elsewhere in Shakespeare. *Richard III.* III. v. 66.

61. *confident*] confiding. See *New Eng. Dict.* "Kind" may mean kindly disposed, or it may mean near in blood, as the eldest son of the late Emperor.

63. *a poor competitor*] either poor in having no wealthy or influential backing, as his brother had, or a mere touch of mock humility, in order to curry favour with the tribunes and people.

68. *circumscribed*] restrained, limited, as in *Hamlet*, I. iii. 22. *New Eng. Dict.* gives Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*, ix. 185 (ed. 1840), "I was alone circumscribed by the ocean."

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS; *after them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then* LUCIUS *and* QUINTUS. *After them* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, *and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. They set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo! as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;

70. *thy mourning weeds*] Warburton very unnecessarily suggests "my." He and other commentators seem to forget that Titus was not the only one, by many, who had lost sons and other near relations in the war, as Lord Roberts was not the only bereaved parent in the South African War.

71. *fraught*] Modern English freight. Fraught is cognate with New High German *fracht*; freight with Old High German *freht*. Some old MSS. have "his," but "her" is obviously right, as it stands in both Q 1 and F 1.

73. *anchorage*] anchor, by the rhetorical figure of synecdoche, whereby the abstract or general is used for the concrete and particular; a common figure in Shakespeare.

77. *Thou great defender*] Jupiter Capitolinus.

78. *Stand gracious*] take a gracious attitude towards, regard with favour. See "gracious," above.

79. *five-and-twenty*] The number given here compared with the "twenty-two, who in Honour's bed" (Act III. i. 10), shows that Shakespeare had invented the Mutius episode and forgotten to alter the original number; for twenty-two, with Mutius, Quintus and Martius, and Lucius, who survives, = twenty-six. I am indebted for this valuable point to Mr. C. Crawford.

These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*The tomb is opened.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,

85. *Here*] at this point, now.

92. *receptacle*] pronounced, here and generally in Shakespeare, réceptácle, with main accent on the penultimate syllable. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, IV. iii. 39.

94, 95. *store . . . more*] The rhymes here are no argument against Shakespeare's authorship, as he never quite lost his fondness for ending an important speech or scene with one or more rhymed couplets.

98. Ad manes fratrum] Some have tried to make an anti-Shakespearian argument from the Latin tags used in this play. But as none of them are beyond the reach of a schoolboy's picking up, there is nothing to be based on this. Sir Walter Scott, no great classic, can give us pages of Latin tags in the mouth of the Antiquary. Shakespeare himself, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, shows even greater familiarity with this sort of thing.

99. *earthy*] F 1, "earthly." Earthy probably right, as more graphic.

100. *shadows*] shades of the dead. It is one of the beliefs common to all folk-lore, down to this era of modern Psychical Research Societies, that the ghost, manes, or shade did not rest until (1) properly buried, and (2) until avenged or propitiated. The killing of Alarbus, though so revolting to modern ideas, was therefore not unnatural in pagan Rome, noted, even in its highest civilisation, for its cruelty and love of bloodshed. Cf. *Cymbeline*, V. iv. 97.

Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O! think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.

106. *passion*] suffering, grief, the strict meaning of the Latin *passio*.

109. *Sufficeth*] does it not suffice.

117. *Wilt thou draw near, etc.*] No one can fail to be struck by the extraordinary resemblance between these lines and the famous eulogy of mercy in Portia's speech in the *Merchant of Venice*. Inferior as they are to the celebrated passage, they seem to contain the germs of it, and also to exhibit that kind of moral or religious anachronism into which Shakespeare so frequently falls in this and other plays. For the pagan gods were not merciful gods whatever they were, and mercy as a divine attribute has come to us entirely from Judaism through Christianity, and indeed in Judaism itself it was a comparatively late development, except in the narrow sense of special favour shown to a tribe or person. Tamora's speech here is to my thinking very fine indeed, and not unworthy of Shakespeare at any time of his career. It is the rejection of her noble appeal to Titus that brings the first and fatal elements of tragedy into the play, and turns her into a fury. Steevens quotes a similar sentiment from *Cicero pro Ligario*. But the Latin *salutem* = health, welfare, is by no means the same as mercy.

121. *Patient*] school yourself to

These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal
The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,

patience. Steevens quotes similar use from *Arden of Faversham*, 1591; *King Edward III.*, 1596, etc.

130. *O cruel, etc.*] I should like to know how many poets or dramatists, except Shakespeare himself, could have written this magnificent line. How much of "man's inhumanity to man" in almost every age is covered and condemned by this comprehensive and perfect phrase!

131. *Was ever Scythia*] See Mr. Craig's note on *Lear*, I. i. 116, Arden Shakespeare, where he refers to Purchas' *Pilgrim on Cannibalism*, the practice of which, as described by Herodotus, gave the Scythians their reputation for barbarism.

132. *Oppose*] compare, from the literal meaning of the Latin *opponere* = to set over against; another proof of knowledge of Latin.

133. *Alarbus*] Alarbus is an insertion of Shakespeare's own, as in the earlier versions of the story, in the ballad and the earlier play or plays, on which the Dutch and German were founded, Tamora has only *two* sons. See Introduction.

136. *Queen of Troy*] Hecuba.

138. *Thracian tyrant*] Polymnestor. Steevens and Theobald differ as to whether Shakespeare here alludes to the Hecuba of Euripides or from a misreading of Ovid. I do not think much can be made of these supposed allusions

May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned drugs, here are no storms,

to Greek plays as then untranslated; for it is clear that both dramatic authors and their audiences were familiar with the "plots" of the classical plays; *vide* the allusion to Hecuba in *Hamlet*. This story, for instance, is told in Virgil's *Æneid*, where Shakespeare could read it for himself, or in Phaer's translation.

144. *entrails*] The "his" is here elided. Shakespeare and other Elizabethan writers often add vigour to their language by the omission of words readily understood by the reader. Even nominatives, especially personal pronouns, following Latin, were often elided. See Abbott's *Grammar*, pars. 399–402.

147. *'larums*] warlike din. See *New Eng. Dict.*

150. *In peace and honour, etc.*] a very fine passage, admirably finished off by the repetition of the opening line at the end like a refrain, a device freely used by Tennyson in his blank verse.

151. *Rome's readiest champions, etc.*] This line, like so many Shakespearian lines, must be read with a "slur" or crushing of the syllables "champions re" into one foot of the verse, the strong accent or stress on the first syllable of "champions" carrying us readily over the half-syllable (grace note) "re" to the next accent on "pose."

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O! bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS *and Tribunes; re-enter* SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, *and Others.*

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,

165. *Kind Rome, etc.*] The terrible irony of this passage, in view of what follows, is by no means un-Shakespearian.

166. *cordial*] not in the literal sense of medicine, but of anything pleasing and comforting to the heart and feelings.

166. *glad*] gladden, as *3 Henry VI.* IV. vi. 93, from O.E. *gladian*, and much the commoner form up to the nineteenth century, *New. Eng. Dict.*

168. *fame's eternal date*] There has been very gratuitous difficulty made about this phrase. The expression is, of course, hyperbolic, but so are the double superlatives common in Shakespeare. "Date" here and in *Sonnets*, xiv. 14 = the appointed time. The meaning is that he wishes Lavinia, or at least her reputation for virtue, to outlast what we call "eternal fame."

170. *triumpher*] pronounced triúmpher.

That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What should I don this robe, and trouble you,
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,

177. *Solon's happiness*] refers to the saying of Solon, usually rendered "Call no man happy till he is dead," but perhaps the author was thinking also of the converse proverb, "Those the gods love die young."

182. *palliament*] cloak (pallium), a curious coinage peculiar to this play. Some have used it as an argument against Shakespeare's authorship. But it is used by Peele (*Honour of the Garter*, lines 91, 92); and as Shakespeare freely borrowed words and phrases that took his fancy, this affords no argument against his authorship of this play. Mr. Henry Bradley thinks it is connected with *paludamentum*, a military cloak, either by analogy in the formation or a confusion between the two words. The description in the text recalls the *long white cloak* still worn by Austrian officers.

183. *name thee in election, etc.*] means that Titus was nominated as candidate, but not yet elected.

188. *Than his that shakes, etc.*] Not, I think, to be taken literally, but said to put colour on his declinature in favour of a young man. His swift killing of his son Mutius shows he was still vigorous, and some of the later scenes would have been laughed off the stage, if enacted by a feeble old man, as some critics will have him, founding solely on this rhetorical exaggeration. Besides, of course, when he cuts the throats of Chiron and Demetrius, they are already gagged and bound by Publius and others. See Introduction and later note.

189. *don*] do on, put on. The mark of interrogation at the end of this line, as usually printed, is wrong, as the question continues to "you all," where both F 1 and Q 1 have a period. But the sentence is obviously either an interrogation or, at least, an exclamation.

And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right:
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,

195. *one-and-twenty*] The number here is corrected. See above, 79.

201. *obtain and ask*] an even bolder inversion than the famous "burial and death," indicating better than any other form of words the certainty of Titus' election. No nameless amateur, such as the Ravenscroft theory supposes, would have ventured on such a bold expression.

206. *shipp'd*] consigned, sent off. The character of Saturninus is very subtly drawn and well contrasted with that of his brother Bassianus. He is essentially weak, and, consequently, ineffectually violent. And one of the subtle points of the play lies in representing Titus, like Lear, as extremely blind as a judge of character, and as only becoming acute during or after his supposed or partial madness. Had he seen the superiority of Bassianus to Saturninus, and not densely decided from the merits of their common father, the whole catastrophe would have been avoided. See Introduction.

207. *Rather than rob*] an elliptical expression for "rather than you should."

208. *interrupter*] int'rupter, or slurred as above, "champion re."

212. *Andronicus*] It is instructive to

But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and noble tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say "Long live our emperor!"

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say "Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"

[*A long flourish.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,

notice the licence taken in the scansion of proper names, Andronicus in the first line being differently scanned from the same word in the next. In the first it is ⏑–⏑⏑, in the second ⏑–⏑–, or taking accents, Andrónicus and Andrónicus.

214. *friends*] in both Q 1 and F 1 "friend," but the final *s* may easily have dropped out.

224. *your emperor's eldest son*] Here comes in Titus' vital error which sows the dragon's teeth of tragedy; his error of judgment in handing over impetuously the Roman Empire to a man whose defective character had already been displayed in the few speeches he had made.

226. *Reflect*] shine; bend or direct, *Lucrece*, 376; *Richard III.* 1. iv. 31.

And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*To Tamora.*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state,

237. *gentleness*] noble and honourable conduct.
238. *onset*] beginning.
240. *empress*] trisyllable here.
242. *Pantheon*] as in F 2. Q 1 and F 1 have "Pathan."
250. *imperious*] imperial. Rather a Shakespearian turn, as he is fond of making his characters say things that are stultified by their after conduct.
258. *Now, madam, are you prisoner, etc.*] This seems to me another piece of dramatic irony by which Titus is made to make light of and almost to forget the cruel slaying of Tamora's son, and appear to think she ought to be quite pleased with the turn events have taken. Titus, like Lear, is depicted as very impulsive, rash, imperious, and wanting in perception of character. See Introduction.

Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. [*Aside.*] A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
[*Aloud.*] Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bass. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing Lavinia.*

Tit. How, sir! Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bass. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

261, 262. *A goodly lady*] These two lines, though not so given in any of the texts, are of course *aside*, and the rhymed couplet marks them as significant.

261. *hue*] Shakespeare probably thought the Goths were dark, and that Lavinia, like Lucrece in the poem, was fair and golden-haired, the favourite type then of Italian or Renaissance beauty in woman. Dark women seem to have had, according to the *Sonnets*, a peculiar fascination for Shakespeare, so he attributes the same weakness to Saturninus, as later to Anthony.

264. *cheer*] mood.

268. *he*] he who, an Elizabethan elision.

271. *Not I, my lord*] Steevens seems to have started, in a singularly ill-natured note on this speech, the abuse of poor Lavinia, which has been taken up with gusto by Mr. Arthur Symons and others. See Introduction, where I give reasons for utterly disagreeing with this view, p. xlvii, etc.

Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.
Sat. Surpris'd! by whom?
Bass. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt Marcus and Bassianus, with Lavinia.*
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I 'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I 'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What! villain boy;
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Stabs Mutius.*
Mut. Help, Lucius, help!
[*Dies.*

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

280. Suum cuique] to each his own, a Latin tag that any schoolboy would know.

290. *What! villain boy*] Titus, like Lear, will brook no opposition, and promptly slays one son and disowns the others when they oppose his will. Like Lear, he cannot realise that he has really divested himself of power. By his own rash and unwise actions he has now made a deadly enemy of Tamora, a treacherous and ungrateful one in Saturninus, an indignant one in Bassianus, and outraged the feelings of all his family, including Marcus, his admiring brother. He is now left almost isolated to feel his impotency and regret his ill-judged actions. See Introduction, p. xxxiv, etc.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*
Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I 'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?
Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.
Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.
Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs

300. *Nor her*] equivalent to neither her; somtimes erroneously printed "not her."

301. *by leisure*] equivalent to "by your leave" in a sarcastic sense. Cf. *Richard III.* I. ii. 82, etc.

304. *stale*] dupe, decoy, tool, or object of ridicule. Saturninus now suspects or pretends that Titus put him on the throne with a view of keeping the real power in his own hands. He now sees his opportunity, out of Titus' own rash errors, of ridding himself of the whole family of whom he is genuinely afraid. We notice the result on his weak nature of Tamora's machinations. The second Quarto has "of" after "stale," but it is superfluous. *Comedy of Errors*, II. i. 101.

309. *piece*] woman in a contemptuous sense (as in modern slang), though used also in a favourable sense, but usually with qualifying words to make this clear, as *Tempest*, I. ii. 56.

312. *bandy*] contend, quarrel, from the game of tennis, striking the ball to and fro; from band in the sense of party, side, in war or games.

313. *ruffle*] brawl, make disturbances.

314. *razors*] not a particularly happy phrase, but perhaps meant as an allusion to Titus' own employment of razors later on.

316. *stately Phœbe*] Diana. Malone and Ritson quote parallel passages from Horace and Virgil.

Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee Empress of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered.
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt all but Titus.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.

317. *gallant'st*] finest, most beautiful. As *Love's Labour's Lost*, II. 196, "a gallant lady."

323. *Sith priest and holy water*] An anachronism which a more learned or pedantic author would have avoided.

325. *Hymenæus*] Hymen. This is the only instance where Shakespeare uses the longer form.

332. *a mother to his youth*] Tamora, with that aplomb which distinguishes her, puts the best face she can on the disparity of their ages, as she, having three grown-up sons, must have been at least forty, and Saturninus was probably not more than five-and-twenty. Women of that age are often dangerous *intriguantes*, and have their full share of amorous passion, as had Gertrude, Hamlet's mother.

338. *I am not bid, etc.*] am not invited. Titus for the first time realises

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.
Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family:
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!
Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.
Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.
Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.
Quint. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. "And shall!" What villain was it spake that word?
Quint. He that would vouch it in any place but here.
Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?
Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,

his self-created isolation. Shakespeare is here as determined as in his later tragedies of *King Lear* and *Coriolanus* to deduce the hero's misfortunes from his own faults.

340. *challenged*] accused.

And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quint. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the Sons of Titus kneel.*

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

Quint. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son,
Did graciously plead for his funerals.

368. *not with*] (the Folio omits "with") beside himself—a curious phrase, which seems founded on the notion that, as in the biblical "possession" or in the modern spiritualist's "control," the true self was in abeyance and some evil spirit in occupation.

380. *Laertes' son*] Ulysses. There is no doubt that this passage seems to imply a correct, if not intimate, knowledge of Sophocles' play of *Ajax*, of which it is alleged there was no extant translation in Shakespeare's time. In the first place, as I said before, I do not think a knowledge of the "plot" and "action" of a celebrated classical play necessarily implies ability to read it in the original. Many of us know something of books we have never read from the talk of others, from allusions in books, etc. How many people have really read *Rabelais* or the *Faerie Queene*, or the second part of *Faust*? Yet those who have got a general acquaintance with the contents of these books, if they were as clever and observant as Shakespeare was, could no doubt allude to them without blundering. Besides, Shakespeare, even in Jonson's grudging acknowledgment, knew *some* Greek, possibly enough to spell out a passage in a play. Mr. Churton Collins maintains that Shakespeare in all probability was well acquainted with the Greek Tragedies in the original, but there always remains the alternative of his having read them in Latin translations. See *Fortnightly Review*, 1903.

381. *funerals*] Shakespeare fre-

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.
All. [*Kneeling.*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.
Marc. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?
Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is:
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS, *attended;* TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* AARON; *from the other,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and Others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:

quently uses the plural form, while he employs "nuptial" in all cases but one. *Pericles*, v. iii. 80.

389. *No man shed tears, etc.*] Steevens declares this to be a translation from Ennius, but it is one of those ideas which had long since become common property. Besides, it is not an accurate translation of the lines quoted.

395. *device*] plot, stratagem, scheming.

396. *beholding*] beholden. Abbott, par. 372.

397. *turn*] a service or disservice, as in "one good turn deserves another," as in *Venus*, 92; *Sonnets*, xxiv. 9.

398. *Yes, and will, etc.*] should apparently be said by Marcus in reply to Titus. Malone.

399. *play'd your prize*] won in your competition, in which sense prize is used elsewhere in Shakespeare (*Mer-*

God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bass. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bass. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.

Bass. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.

chant of Venice, III. ii. 42). "A metaphor borrowed from the fencing schools, prizes being played for certain degrees in the schools where the art of defence was taught—degrees of Master, Provost, and Scholar," Dyce's *Glossary*, Littledale's New Edition.

409. *short*] abrupt, rude.
416. *opinion*] in the esteem of others.
416. *wrong'd*] injured, lowered.
420. *To be controll'd, etc.*] because he was controlled or opposed, etc.
420. *frankly*] freely, openly.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
[*Aside to Saturninus.*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin.
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.
I 'll find a day to massacre them all,

433. *put it up*] submit to, endure, put up with seems to come from the notion of sheathing one's weapon without fighting. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit at several Weapons*, v. i., "put up, put up."

435. *author*] cause. *Venus*, 1005; *Lucrece*, 523, 1244.

440. *suppose*] supposition, as elsewhere in Shakespeare. *Taming of the Shrew*, v. 120.

449. *at entreats*] to entreaty.

449. *let me alone*] leave it all to me, commonly used by Shakespeare and others.

And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.
[*Aloud.*] Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andronicus;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

451. *raze*] destroy. Also *Cymbeline*, v. v. 7.

462. *Titus, I am, etc.*] This speech of Tamora's in dramatic fitness and in dignity is to my mind quite as skilfully conceived and framed as Lady Macbeth's equally hypocritical speeches to Duncan, which are rather — perhaps intentionally—overdone.

475. *mildly, as we might*] as mildly and gently as possible—which was true.

476. *Tendering*] showing a tender regard for, defending; frequent in Shakespeare in this sense, as v. ii. 77, etc.

Marc. That on mine honour here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come; if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we 'll give your grace *bon jour.*
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Trumpets.* *Exeunt.*

478. *Away, and talk not, etc.*] Saturninus is as poor a dissembler beside Tamora as Macbeth beside Lady Macbeth.

486. *churl*] a mean, common person. O.E. *ceorl*, a peasant or villain.

491. *love-day*] a day appointed by the Church for the amicable settlement of differences. "In love-dayes ther coude he muchel helpe," Chaucer's Prologue, 258.

493. *To hunt the panther and the hart*] This seems a curious combination of quarries, like hunting the hunted. It may have a symbolic meaning,—the panther signifying Tamora and the hart Lavinia,—as the latter is clearly spoken of as a doe by Chiron and Demetrius. The panther is not mentioned in any other play attributed to Shakespeare. Is it possible that here Dryden got the suggestion for his *Hind and the Panther*?

495. *gramercy*] from "grand merci," like the modern "many thanks."

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.

1. *Now climbeth Tamora, etc.*] It is highly characteristic of Shakespeare's irony to put his fine speeches into the mouths of his bad or inferior characters. So, in this play, Tamora and Aaron have all the best of the poetic rhetoric. The versification is good, especially in its subtle and effective use of alliteration, and the broken lines are characteristic of Shakespeare. The use of the homely word "coach" where a modern would say "car" or "chariot," if not confined to Shakespeare, is paralleled in him by a kindred use of waggon and cart in a similar sense, as "Phœbus' cart" in *Hamlet*, III. ii. 165, and "Queen Mab's waggon" in *Romeo and Juliet*, I. iv. 59.

3. *Secure of*] safe from.

3. *crack*] explosion, loud noise (cf. modern "cracker"), *Tempest*, I. ii. 203; "crack of doom," *Antony*, V. i. 15. A form of "crash," and probably an onomatopœic word; also in the sense of a "charge" of powder, *Macbeth*, I. ii. 37.

4. *Advanc'd*] raised. *Tempest*, I. ii. 408; of standards, *Merry Wives*, III. iv. 85.

4. *envy's*] Here rather in the sense of hate or malice. *Tempest*, I. ii. 259, etc.; cf. Bible (1611), Mark xv. 10 (*New Eng. Dict.*). See Introduction, p. xiv.

7. *Gallops*] gallop over. Nashe, 1590, in title of First Parte of Pasquil's *Apologie*, . . . gallops the field . . . *New Eng. Dict.* This seems a reminiscence of an expression of George Peele's (*Anglorum Feriæ*, Bullen, vol. ii. p. 344), "gallops the zodiac in his fiery wain." This proves nothing, of course, against Shakespeare's authorship, as he never seems to have hesitated in appropriating what he considered suitable from his predecessors or contemporaries. But I greatly doubt whether these appropriations were so deliberate and intentional as some commentators seem to think, and I believe they were frequently unconscious in the first instance. See Introduction, p. xiv. I am indebted to Mr. Craig for this reference.

8. *overlook*] to look down on. *Venus*, 178; *King John*, II. 344.

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *braving*.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

10. *wit*] Warburton suggests "will," but Johnson very properly defends "wit" as characteristic of Tamora.

14. *pitch*] A hawking phrase frequent in Shakespeare, meaning the height to which a hawk soars before striking down on her prey. *1 Henry VI.* II. iv. 11; *Julius Cæsar*, I. i. 78.

17. *Prometheus*] Another instance of the author's familiarity with classic myth and story; but no proof of familiarity at first hand with the Prometheus of Æschylus. But see Churton Collins, *Fortnightly Review*, 1903, April, May, July.

22. *nymph*] The 1611 Q and F 1 have "queen," an obvious error.

25. braving] defying each other. *Lucrece*, 40; *Taming of the Shrew*, IV. iii. 126.

26. *Chiron, thy years want wit, etc.*] Demetrius, from the order in which the brothers' names stand among the list of *Dramatis Personæ*, must have been the elder, so that the meaning is that he, Chiron, is immature both in age and wit, and that it is therefore presumptuous of him to enter into rivalry with his elder brother.

27. *grac'd*] favoured. *Two Gentlemen*, I. iii. 58; Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. x. 64.

28. *affected*] loved. *Love's Labours' Lost*, I. ii. 92.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

37. *Clubs, clubs!*] The cry raised when any brawl arose for the watchman and others to separate the combatants with clubs. It became the rallying cry of the London apprentices. *Romeo*, I. i. 80.

39. *dancing-rapier*] one worn for ornament rather than use. Cf. Scott's "carpet knight" in *The Lady of the Lake*; also, "no sword worn but one to dance with," *All's Well*, II. i. 33. Steevens cites "dancing rapier" from Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*. See also *Antony*, III. ii. 36.

49. *million*] a trisyllable.

53. *put up*] sheathe your weapon. *Henry V.* II. i. 109. See above.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform!
Aar. Away, I say!
Now, by the gods that war-like Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What! is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.
Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

53. *Not I*] It seems likely, as Warburton suggests, that this speech should be given to *Chiron* and the next to *Demetrius*. Aaron's speech being interjected, it is natural that Chiron should reply to his brother's taunt, "Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?"

58. *thunder'st*] Steevens, who seems to think no Elizabethan can have a phrase or idea not borrowed from Latin or Greek, quotes from Virgil's *Æneid*, xi. 383. One would like to know whence comes the phrase "thunder'st in the index," *Hamlet*, III. iv. 52!

62. *brabble*] wrangle, squabble. Cf. *Merry Wives*, I. i. 56, and *Henry V.* IV. viii. 69, "pribbles and prabbles, being the Welsh dialect for "bribbles and brabbles." Both these words seem formed by onomatopœa, though they may be connected with "babble" (Babel), "prattle," "brattle," and words of that class. Milton, *Church Dis.* ii., 1851, 54, "a surplice-brabble."

64. *jet*] to encroach on. Some editors gloss "jut," which is quite unnecessary. *Richard III.* II. iv. 51.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.
Aar. To achieve her! how?
Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.
Aar. [*Aside.*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.
Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court it

80. *propose*] "is to risk, dare," Woodham. Like other words in Shakespeare, this seems to be used in a strictly classical sense of to set before ourselves, undertake.

82. *She is a woman, etc.*] *1 Henry VI.* v. iii. 65:

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won."

Shakespeare may here be indebted to Greene, who has, "Pasylla was a woman, and therefor to be won," *Works*, vol. v. p. 567.

85. *more water, etc.*] Founded on a Scottish proverb, "Mickle water goes by the mill, while the miller sleeps." Steevens quotes a Latin version, but does not say where he got it. See Heywood's *Proverbs*, ed. Sharman (1546), p. 128. Burton (*Anatomy of Melancholy*) quotes the Latin, "Non omnem molitor quæ fluit unda videt." Did a similar proverb suggest to Chaucer making a miller the victim in the *Reeve's Tale*?

86. *and easy it is, etc.*] Also a proverbial expression. See Rae (1768), p. 481.

87. *shive*] slice, and is connected with "shiver"=to break in pieces. Chaucer has the form "shivere" in the same sense of slice—*Somnour's Tale.*

89. *Vulcan's*] a trisyllable. The possessive in "'s" was still sounded as a syllable, hence the form "Vulcan his"="Vulcan's."

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste

93. *What! hast thou, etc.*] Surely a clear relapse to the poacher of Shakespeare's Warwickshire youth! The anachronism is delightful, and the idea of the son of the King of the Goths deer-stealing exquisitely humorous. But it must be remembered that, in Shakespeare's day, deer-stealing was not regarded as a *moral* offence, any more than orchard-robbing among English schoolboys. When Shakespeare makes his Prince Hal turn highwayman, a profession which has always had its romantic side, he has no idea of really degrading him in the eyes of the audience, but merely portrays faithfully the madcap pranks of the young nobles of the day. Malone thinks that the remark is addressed to Aaron.

94. *cleanly*] clean away.

100. *To square*] to put oneself in a boxing attitude; hence, to fight, as *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. i. 30. Cotgrave's *French Dictionary*, under *desaccorder*, gives "to discord . . . differ, dissent, *square*," etc.

101. *Faith, not me*] This seems to come ill from Chiron, who has been protesting so much about his love for Lavinia. But see Introduction, p. xxx.

103. *jar*] quarrel. *1 Henry VI.* III. i. 70; Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, II. ii. 123.

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come; our empress, with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,

110. *lingering languishment*] a long sentimental courtship. *Lucrece*, 1147.

112. *solemn*] grand, as being held in honour of the Emperor, like a state ball or other royal function. Cf. *Sonnets*, lii. 5; *Taming of the Shrew*, III. ii. 103, etc.

116. *by kind*] by nature. See Chaucer, *House of Fame*, ii. 241.

117. *Single*] single out, separate; a hunting term. "When he (the hart) is hunted, or doth first leave the hearde, we say he is singled or empryned," Turberville, *The Noble Art of Venerie*.

117. *dainty doe*] This confirms my notion of the symbolism of "panther and hart." "Dainty" here means "delicate," "enticing," "lovely." *Tempest*, v. 85; *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. 286.

120. *sacred*] devoted to, in the true classic sense. The author often uses words thus, but so does Shakespeare in his acknowledged plays, as already pointed out.

123. *file*] to refine or perfect, as a file finishes off a machine or a tool. *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. i. 12; *Sonnets*, lxxxv. 4.

124. *square yourselves*] settle it between you, or manage for yourselves. The meaning is that Tamora's "sacred wit" will manage things much better for them than they could do for themselves.

126. *house of Fame*] Apparently in allusion to Chaucer's poem of that name, which Shakespeare would doubtless know and appreciate. See also Peele's *Honour of the Garter*, 172, 173, 233–239 (Crawford).

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Forest.*

Horns and cry of hounds heard.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, etc.*, MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green.

132. *smells of no cowardice*] *i.e.* is bold and requires some nerve to carry out. *Measure for Measure*, II. iv. 151.

133. Sit fas aut nefas] be it right or wrong. "Nefas" is stronger than our word "wrong," meaning something impious and forbidden.

135. Per Styga, per manes vehor] I am borne across the Styx and among the shades of the dead; meaning that nothing will turn him back. Both these tags are from Seneca's *Hippolitus*, 1180–1. But "vehor" should be "segnor."

Scene II.

Scene II.] Johnson suggests beginning the Second Act here. But this would never do, as these two scenes must follow close on each other, and the only solution of the time-difficulty is to suppose an interval between the Acts and take the hunting in this Act to be a different one from that mentioned in Act I.; but see Introduction, p. lxxix.

1. *The hunt is up*] is begun or ready. *Romeo*, III. v. 34. So Henryson's *Works* (Laing), p. 186.

1. *bright and grey*] Steevens and others are much exercised over this combination, which only shows how pedantry can blind one's natural powers of observation. I should think that every second or third morning, after the flush of dawn is gone, has a stage when it is "bright and grey." Cotgrave's *French Dictionary* gives under *bluard*, "grey, skie-coloured, blewish." See *Sonnets*, CXXXII., where "grey" means "bright."

Uncouple here and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

[*A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and Attendants.*

Many good morrows to your majesty;
Madam, to you as many and as good:
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bass. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport. [*To Tamora.*] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

3. *Uncouple here and let us make a bay*] loose the hounds so that they will bark.

9. *I have been troubled*] Prophetic dreams are common in Shakespeare, as Clarence's and Calphurnia's. He apparently believed in them.

10. winded] past-participle weak; from "wind"=to blow. Pronounced long, as the substantive "wind" was in Shakespeare's time. Anglo-Saxon "wind" had a short vowel, but was affected by the lengthening of "i" before "nd," which took place in Middle English, but not in Middle Scotch. Thus English "behĭnd," but Scotch "ahīnt."

18. *horse*] horses, an old plural form, still used of a troop or body of horsemen, as "The Scottish Horse." We still use "sheep" and "deer" in the plural sense.

20. *Our Roman hunting*] This hunt-

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.
Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A lonely part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, *with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
[*Hides the gold.*

ing of panthers in the neighbourhood of Rome seems somewhat on a par with the seaport in Bohemia. Such a mixture as panthers and deer is certainly not possible, still less probable, in Europe at all. I strongly suspect the whole story of an originally Oriental origin; the lavish bloodshed and rapine being more Oriental than Roman. But the myth has evidently been modified in transit through European hands. Chiron and Demetrius are not Europeans, they are Bashibazouks.

20. *I have dogs, my lord*] I think here again we have symbolism and irony. The "proudest panther" refers —not consciously to the speaker—to Tamora, and the next line has an ironic reference to Aaron's boastful lines about her.

24. *Makes way*] opens up a path or gap. *Taming of the Shrew*, II. 115, and elsewhere.

Scene III.

3. *inherit*] possess. As in *The Tempest*, IV. i. 154; *Richard II.* II. i. 83.

8. *unrest*] disquieting, sorrow. Cf. *Richard III.* IV. iv. 29; Steevens quotes from *The Spanish Tragedy*, "And therefore will I rest me in *unrest*."

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber

9. *That have their alms*] Is rather obscure, and seems to me to mean that the Empress will give the Andronici gifts, *i.e.* punishment, out of her chest, *i.e.* her "sacred wit," which contains evil for them.

12. *The birds chant melody, etc.*] This fine passage is surely, if one may use the expression, doubly Shakespearian, firstly in its extreme and rare poetic and rhythmic beauty, and secondly in that love of contrast or irony by which he makes it a prelude to one of the most horrible scenes in this horrible drama. See Shelley's *Adonais*, stanzas, 18 and 19.

15. *chequer'd shadow*] "Dancing in the chequered shade," Milton's *L'Allegro*.

20. *yelping*] The Quartos have "yellowing," possibly a variant of "yelling." But we have no other example of the word.

23. *with*] by, a very common use of the word by Shakespeare and earlier writers. See Abbott, pars. 193–195; Franz, § 383, etc.

23. *happy*] fortunate.

24. *counsel-keeping*] that tells no tales; not elsewhere in Shakespeare.

26. *golden slumber*] excellent delicious sleep. Cf. *Romeo*, II. iii. 38; *Henry IV.* II. 344; Colley Cibber's *Apology* (1756), ii. 35, "golden actor."

Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,

29. *bring . . . asleep*] put to sleep; originally "on sleep," see Acts xiii. 36; *Barth de P.*, VI. iv. (1495) 191, "Nouryces bring the children softly on slepe," *New. Eng. Dict.*

31. *Saturn is dominator, etc.*] In astrology, palmistry, etc., Saturn was a malign influence both on the person into whose horoscope he comes and those connected with him, and involved disaster and misfortune, if not crime. Chaucer, who was an adept in astrology, describes particularly the malign influence of Saturn in *The Knight's Tale*. Collins quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher, "sullen Saturn," etc. For "dominator," ruler, see "Dominator of Navarre," *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. i. 222.

32. *deadly-standing*] fixed and staring like that of the dead. This and the rest of the passage savour no doubt of what to modern taste is balderdash; but this is no argument that it was not written by Shakespeare, at least in his youth. It is just the sublime balderdash that only a man of genius like Marlowe or Shakespeare can write, without being absolutely absurd. It is redeemed by accurate realistic touches. Aaron had really planned out the whole horrible scheme, and, hardened as he was, he was intensely excited as its consummation approached.

37. *venereal*] erotic; does not occur again in Shakespeare, used by Nash, *Anatomie of Absurditie* (M'Kerrow, 1904), i. 19. Chaucer uses "venerien," *Wife of Bath's Prologue*, 609, in the same sense.

39. *Blood and revenge are hammering in my head*] is a precise description of the "drumming" of the blood in one's head under intense excitement. How true too is the psychology of the scene! With the woman, her passion drowns her desire for revenge; with the man, the desire for the success of his infamous scheme keeps his passion in abeyance.

Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more; we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah! my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life.

Aar. No more, great empress; Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I 'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA.

Bass. Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds

Cf. *Two Gentlemen*, I. iii. 18; *2 Henry VI.* I. ii. 47, etc.

47. *fatal-plotted*] contrived to a fatal end; the only instance in Shakespeare.

48. *question*] discuss. *Sonnets*, lxvii. 9; *Henry VIII.* I. i. 130.

49. *parcel*] part, portion, party. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. ii. 160, "A holy parcel of the fairest dames!"

53. *Be cross with him*] perverse or rude, so as to pick a quarrel with him.

54. *To back thy quarrels*] support you in your quarrels.

56. *Unfurnish'd*] unaccompanied by, or deprived of. *Winter's Tale*, v. i. 123.

56. *well-beseeming troop*] the guard or following suitable to her as Empress. *1 Henry IV.* I. i. 14.

57. *Dian*] intensely sarcastic, of course.

63. *With horns*] Shakespeare seems never to tire of the subject of horns, as implying cuckoldry. In *The Merry Wives*, in *Much Ado*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *As You Like It*, and many other plays, he returns again and again to this theme, which to us is alike indecorous and banal. It evidently found favour with Elizabethan and Jacobean audiences.

Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated

64. *drive*] let drive, attack. See *Hamlet*, II. ii. 494.

66. *Under your patience, etc.*] Exception has been taken by some critics, especially by Arthur Symons in his able introduction to the Facsimile of the First Quarto of this play, to Lavinia's language here. See Introduction, p. xlvii *et seq.*

69. *singled*] See previous note.

72. *swarth*] swart, swarthy. Q 1 gives "swarty." Cf. *Sonnets*, xxviii. 11; and Beaumont and Fletcher, *Island Princess*, vi., "Foul swarth ingratitude has taken off thy sweetness."

72. *Cimmerian*] one of a people from whom, according to Plutarch, Homer took his conceptions of the dark infernal regions, in which he was followed by Virgil and Ovid. There were two peoples or nations of this name, one located in Asia Minor and South Russia (where they left the name Crimea), and another dwelling on the coast of Campania, a robber race who lived in caves, where they concealed their booty, and from them the idea of Cimmerian darkness seems to have come.

74. *Spotted*] that is tainted or infected as with a plague; frequent in Shakespeare, as *Lucrece*, 196, 721, 1172; *Othello*, v. i. 36; *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I. i. 110, etc. etc. Surely Mr. Symons was thinking of this speech of Bassianus when he characterises Lavinia's language so strongly! The dramatist obviously wishes from the first to divert a portion of our sympathy to Tamora, and make her revenges, if horrible, still natural in one whose feelings have been cruelly outraged from the first.

For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bass. The king my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place:
A barren detested vale, you see, it is;

83. *joy*] to enjoy; several times in Shakespeare in this sense, as *Richard II.* v. vi. 26; *Richard III.* II. iv. 59, etc.

86. *slips*] offences, faults, as *Hamlet*, II. i. 22, "wanton, wild, and usual slips," etc.

86. *him noted long*] There is, as Dr. Johnson pointed out, something very wrong about the chronology of this part of the play. This line alone makes it evident that some interval had elapsed since Tamora's marriage, and the only place where this interval can possibly come in is between the two Acts, and not, as Dr. Johnson suggests, between Scenes 1 and 2 of this Act, which are obviously closely consecutive in point of time, as Aaron says in Scene 1, "My lord, a solemn hunting is at hand." The interval can thus only come, as is natural, between the two Acts. The only solution I can see is that there were *two* hunts in the play, one at the invitation of Titus on the day after Act I. closes, and a second later on, after an interval of at least weeks, if not months; and I think that Aaron's opening speech implies, not only that Tamora was made Empress, but also that she had obtained complete control over Saturninus, which might be the work of some little time. Steevens conjectures "her" for "him." This is possibly right, especially as in earlier versions of the play the intrigue is even more obvious than in Shakespeare's. See Introduction, p. lxxix.

92. *tic'd*] enticed, in Q 1 "ticed." The Quarto printer did not use the form "'d," but marked the silence of the "e" either by omission as in "showd," or by the old form "de" or "d" as "calde" and "cald" in this same speech. It is possible that "ticed" was meant for a disyllable, making "ticed me" a dactyl.

93. *A barren, etc.*] This is undoubtedly a powerful description, and by no means unworthy of Shakespeare in his earlier days. Tamora, in order to excite her sons to fury, invents a quite imaginary narrative about the abhorred pit, and exaggerates Bassianus' and Lavinia's language. This speech has the further dramatic function of

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect;
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

describing the pit (which could not be staged, and was represented merely by a trap-door) to the audience. "Barren detested" may be scanned as a slurred or as a dactylic foot = – ⏑ ⏑ –. The inconsistency between the two descriptions of her surroundings by Tamora has been pointed out; but I think it is meant to reflect her own change of mood, from the pleasurable anticipation of enjoyment with her lover to the state of doubt and apprehension into which the presence of Bassianus and Lavinia threw her. She also wishes to excite her sons by representing that she had been enticed into a horrible and dangerous place.

95. *O'ercome*] overcome, conquered, covered by; not elsewhere in Shakespeare in this sense.

101. *urchins*] hedgehogs. We retain the term in "sea-urchin."

103. *body*] (as in Scotch) person. *Two Gentlemen*, I. ii. 18, etc.

104. *Should straight, etc.*] This, Johnson remarks, was said in fabulous physiology of those who heard the groan of the mandrake when torn up. See *Romeo*, IV. iii. 48.

115. *Or be ye not, etc.*] This line does

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora;
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her:
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

not run well as it stands, an unusual thing in this play. To my mind it runs better with "callèd" for "call'd," making a pause after "henceforth," so as to get the stress on "call."

118. *Semiramis*] Queen of Assyria may best be described as an ancient Catherine of Russia, famous at once for her ability as a ruler and her insatiable sexual passion.

124. *minion*] here in the contemptuous and opprobrious sense of the word, which originally meant darling, favourite, and is used by Shakespeare in that sense also, just as we still use the word "mistress" in an honourable or dishonourable sense. The word is the same as the French *Mignon*, and connected with the first part of the word minne-singer. In Scotch it appears as "minnie," but in the favourable sense.

124. *stood upon*] prided herself upon, or maintained, or perhaps it involves both ideas or valuing and preserving her virtue.

126. *painted hope*] unreal, vain, as in "painted pomp," *As You Like It*, II. i. 3; "painted peace," *King John*, III. i. 105. This line must be read with a pause or rest after "hope."

130. *And make*] a very brutal touch, which Shakespeare, if even only editor of the play, might well have spared us. It is, moreover, inconsistent with what follows, and seems wantonly thrown in to pile up the horror; or perhaps it is a survival from a cruder form of the play.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.
Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—
Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!
Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O! do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
[*To Chiron.*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.
Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard?
Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, O! could I find it now,
The lion mov'd with pity did endure

135. *nice-preserved*] carefully preserved, or coyly preserved. As "nice" has also the meaning of coy, prudish, as "she is nice and coy," *Two Gentlemen*, III. i. 82.

137. *I will not hear her speak, etc.*] Tamora does not seem quite sure of herself, and appears anxious to have Lavinia dragged away before she, Tamora, relents. This seems to me a very subtle touch. Lavinia, who certainly is very maladroit, throws away her opportunity by attacking Tamora as the tiger's dam. See Introduction, p. xlvii *et seq.*

142. *When did, etc.*] This seems like a touch of Shakespeare's encyclopædic knowledge, as it is a fact that young tigers (like kittens) require to be taught to hunt and do not do it by instinct. It is the mother that teaches, and they remain with her till their second year (*Chambers's Encyclopædia*).

144. *The milk, etc.*] This seems in accord with the popular notion, not unsupported by facts, that a man's disposition comes largely from his mother's side, while the type of feature that persists is that of the male side. We are here also reminded of Lady Macbeth and of Macbeth's speech to her, *Macbeth*, I. vii. 73.

149. *raven doth not*] The raven, the bird of night and evil omen, is in sharp contrast to the lark, the bird of morning and sunlight.

150. *O! could I find it now*] O would I could now experience the fact that a mild nature can spring from a fierce one.

To have his princely claws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her!

Lav. O! let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will:
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora! be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;

152. *claws*] This is clearly the meaning, but it is a gloss of Collins, as both Q 1 and F 1 have "paws." Apparently an allusion to the standard anecdote of Androcles and the lion, as Androcles had probably to cut away the claws before removing the thorn.

153. *ravens, etc.*] This was evidently a piece of popular folk-lore, whether arising from the biblical story of Elijah or no, as we have it in *Winter's Tale*, II. iii. 186. I doubt whether any modern instance could be cited of this voluntary foster-motherhood to human infants, but there are authenticated instances of female animals adopting and fostering animals of a different species for their own.

154. *birds*] nestlings. Cf. *1 Henry VI.* v. i. 60, and *3 Henry VI.* II. i. 91, and in North of Ireland dialect (Craig), the original meaning of the word, *New Eng. Dict.*

156. *Nothing so kind*] This line has to my ear a genuine ring of Shakespeare; it means not so much as kind but only pitiful. *2 Henry VI.* v. ii. 65.

158. *for my father's sake*] Another instance of Lavinia's maladroitness. She was thinking no doubt of Titus' sparing Tamora and her sons in the first instance, whereas she only succeeds in reminding Tamora of his cruelty to Alarbus.

170. *For 'tis not life*] She has hitherto been pleading to be spared altogether,

Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go,

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O! keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace! no womanhood! Ah! beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our general name.
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I 'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed
Till all the Andronici be made away.

although life is no longer life for her since Bassianus is dead. Now she asks only for death, or even to be cast into the horrible pit, so long as she is spared outrage. But the unfortunate allusion to Titus has steeled Tamora's heart afresh, and she ruthlessly hands over Lavinia to the two Bashibazouks.

182. *beastly creature*] like a beast, coarse, bestial. Addressed to Tamora.

183. *The blot and enemy, etc.*] the blot on, and enemy to the good fame of women in general.

185. *Nay, then, etc.*] Chiron, who was the more sentimental in his speeches, is the worse ruffian of the two.

186. Demetrius throws, etc.] As pointed out above, they do not use Bassianus's body as proposed.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit.*

Re-enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.
Quint. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Mart. And mine, I promise you: were 't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[*Falls into the pit.*
Quint. What! art thou fall'n? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mart. O brother! with the dismall'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

190. *Now will I hence*] Tamora is swayed by the two strong passions of revenge and desire, and the latter, if possible, gains the ascendant.

190, 191. *Moor . . . deflower*] These are good rhymes, as in Shakespeare's time words in "our" and "ower" rhymed with "moor," "poor," etc.

191. *spleenful*] here in the sense of hot, eager, hasty, *2 Henry VI.* III. ii. 128. The spleen was regarded as the seat of the emotions, and was used in Middle English where we would use heart. Dunbar has "fro the spleen" = from the heart, *The Thistle and the Rose*, 12.

191. *trull*] a drab, a loose woman. Of course a gross libel on Lavinia, but Tamora is thinking that Lavinia, having been so dreadfully outraged, will be reduced to the condition of one of these unfortunates.

192. *the better foot before*] best foot foremost. The better foot is the more correct, as we have only two —but modern usage is lax in this respect.

195. *My sight is very dull, etc.*] I confess this speech and all that follows to the end of the scene seems very poor stuff in every way. The two valiant sons of Titus behave quite out of character, unless they are to be supposed under the influence of some spell or drug, which, if the case, should be more clearly indicated.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother.
[*Exit.*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?
Quint. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints:
My heart suspects more than mine eyes can see.
Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quint. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O! tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,

206. *Now will I, etc.*] This and the whole contrivance of the scene appears to me very loose and clumsy, and could have deceived no one who did not want to be deceived. All indeed that can be said in defence of it is that Saturninus was probably glad of his brother's death, and only too glad of a pretext for attacking the Andronici, to which he was of course secretly instigated by Tamora.

211. *uncouth*] literally, unknown, strange, unfamiliar, and here probably like the Scotch "uncanny," which is practically the same word, implying something supernatural.

219. *by surmise*] even in surmising, without sight or actual knowledge. What this unmeaning influence is supposed to be is not made clear. Was it the presence of the ghost of the murdered Bassianus? or some general supernatural horrors spread about the place by the execrable crimes just committed there, like the portents on the night of Duncan's murder?

222. *embrewed*] imbrued with blood, or slain. "Embrew" or "imbrue" has two meanings in Shakespeare, different from the modern sense—(1) intransitive, to stab, attack, or kill, with no subject expressed, as in *2 Henry IV.* II. iv. 210, where Pistol says, "Shall we have incision, shall we imbrue?" and (2) transitive, as here = stabbed, slain, or murdered, and also in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. 351, in Thisbe's song, "Come, blade, my breast imbrue." It is extremely curious that this word, which only occurs in these three instances in Shakespeare, should in two of them be associated with the story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quint. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother! help me with thy fainting hand,
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.
Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,

223. *All on a heap*] all in a heap.

223. *slaughter'd lamb*] is a vivid and yet rather unsatisfactory image. It has not Shakespeare's usual felicity.

224. etc.] See similar but finer passage, *Romeo and Juliet*, III. v. 54.

227. *A precious ring*] It was believed as late as the time of Boyle, who credits it, that the carbuncle gave out radiance of its own in the dark. Thus in the *Gesta Romanorum* (where Shakespeare may have got it), "he further beheld and saw a carbuncle that lighted all the house," quoted by Steevens, who also quotes from Drayton's *Muse's Elysium*, "Is that admired mighty stone, The carbuncle that's named," etc. It was also supposed to enable people to walk invisible (*Chambers's Encyclopædia*).

229. *earthy cheeks*] Did Keats think of this when describing the lover's ghost ("his loamed ears") in "Isabella, or The Pot of Basil," xxxv. 7?

230. *ragged*] rugged. *Two Gentlemen*, I. ii. 121; also Isaiah ii. 21.

230. *entrails*] inward parts, *New Eng. Dict.* vi. 215. So "bowels of the land," *Richard III.* v. ii. 3.

236. *Cocytus' misty mouth*] Cocytus, one of the six rivers in the infernal regions. "Misty mouth" rings rather like one of those obvious and excessive alliterations that Shakespeare himself ridicules in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Still he may have written this in the days of his youth, as Mr. Swinburne in his *Heptologia* has an admirable parody on himself. Like most young writers, Shakespeare probably prided himself on his happy phrases, and he afterwards satirised perhaps even his own preciosity in *Hamlet* over the phrase "mobled queen."

238. *Or, wanting strength*] This and similar speeches seem singularly out of place on the part of two brave and vigorous young men, unless there is some specific cause for it which is not given. Shakespeare may have got this notion from Marlowe, who uses it

I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quint. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee.
[*Falls in.*

Re-enter AARON *with* SATURNINUS.

Sat. Along with me: I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter TAMORA, *with Attendants;* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

often. On the other hand, he makes Duncan "fey," *i.e.* in preternaturally high spirits, on the night before his murder.

242. *Nor I no, etc.*] A double negative, very frequent in Shakespeare and in all writers before and during his time. See Abbott, par. 406.

246. *Along*] Come along, etc.

255. *chase*] a park use for hunting. Survives in names of estates, as "Cranbourn Chase," Dorset. See *Two Gentlemen*, I. ii. 116, also Bacon's *Essay on Expence*, and Malory, *Morte d'Arthur*.

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,*
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree

262. *search*] probe with a roll of lint.

264. *writ*] writing, from "writ," a contracted form of the past-participle of write, and that generally used in Shakespeare.

265. *complot*] conspiracy, plot; pronounced here "cómplot," but "complòt," *Richard III.* III. i. 192.

265. *timeless*] untimely, as in *Two Gentlemen*, III. i. 21.

266. *fold*] conceal, as *Lucrece*, 1073.

268. An if we miss, etc.] seems to mean that if the writer fails to meet Bassianus and kill him himself, the receiver of the writ is to kill Bassianus and bury him in the said pit. Anything clumsier than such a letter between conspirators, naming the person plotted against twice in full, cannot be conceived. Fancy an anarchist writing to another and designating his victim as the "Empress of Austria" or the "Czar of Russia"! I cannot help thinking that in this scene we have, more than in almost any other part of the play, relics of an older and cruder version of the story. The whole scene is an excellent example of what Aristotle wisely warns the dramatist against, namely, the "improbable possible," to which he profoundly says the "probable impossible" is much preferable. No amount of startling prodigies would have produced in my mind so much incredibility as the series of "improbable possibilities" which make up this scene. Nothing indeed in the whole play throws, to my mind, so much doubt on its Shakespearian authorship as the feeble handling of this portion of the play's action. The only point made is to show up the obvious prejudice and injustice of Saturninus; but this is surely attained at too great a cost.

272. elder-tree] This was popularly supposed to be unhealthy, something like the upas-tree, though there seems to be no justification for the belief, which seems to have arisen from the notion that Judas hung himself on an elder-tree. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. ii. 610; *Cymbeline*, IV. ii. 59.

Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus:
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. [*To Titus.*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What! are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed;
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my fathers' reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.

287. *How easily*] a piece of profound irony.

298. *their suspicion*] the suspicion entertained of them. A common construction in Shakespeare of using the possessive pronoun for the personal.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

304. *Andronicus, I will entreat the king*] Tamora here, as later on, underestimates Titus' powers of perception of character, which his trials rather awaken than diminish.

305. *Fear not, etc.*] fear not for. Very frequent in Shakespeare.

Scene IV.

5. *she can scrawl*] Is this another instance of irony which makes a character unconsciously suggest that which is to befall him or her?

6. *sweet water*] perfumed water, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, v. iii. 14, "which with sweet water nightly I will dew"; or fresh, pure.

10. *knit*] tie. This scene is very brutal, but quite in character with the two Bashibazouks. I wish I could

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Who 's this? my niece, that flies away so fast!
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.

think it quite un-Shakespearian; but the grim play on the same words "hand" and "tongue" is rather like his cruder work. We must be thankful for the scene's one merit—its brevity.

12. *Cousin*] near relation, male or female; frequent in this sense, as in *As You Like It*, I. ii. 164, and I. iii. 44. As in German *Tante* and *Onkel* are used very loosely, and even of friends who are no relations.

13. *would all my wealth, etc.*] means he would give or forfeit all his wealth to wake and find it a dream.

19. *Whose circling shadows, etc.*] A fine line, referring to both Saturninus and Bassianus being suitors for her hand, who, if not literally kings, were of royal rank, as born to the purple and candidates for the empire. The style of the verse and the literary merit of this piece rises somewhat here above the lower level of the immediately preceding scenes.

23. *Like to a bubbling, etc.*] A fine image, although the theme is so painful. The whole speech indeed seems intended for the reader rather than the spectator, who could see Lavinia's deplorable condition for himself. Any skilful playwright, such as Shakespeare became later, would ruthlessly cut most of this speech out of the book. It seems like the attempt of a young writer to display his powers of description and of classical lore.

26. *Tereus*] A king of Thrace, son of Mars and Bistonis, who, according to the well-known story, being married to Progne (the swallow), violated her sister Philomela (the nightingale). *Lucrece*, 1134; *Cymbeline*, II. ii. 45.

Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O! that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life;
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony

31. *Titan*] Hyperion, the *old* sun-god, and one of the Titans who fought against Jupiter. The subject of Keats' poem of that name.

32. *Blushing, etc.*] An allusion to the red appearance of the sun through cloud or mist. The image is rather forced, as applied to poor Lavinia blushing at the consciousness of her outraged condition.

36. *Sorrow concealed, etc.*] A very fine, if homely, image.

36. *stopp'd*] closed up. I think probably the author had in his mind a primitive earthen or turf oven, which could be closed with a sod.

39. *sampler*] Philomela, according to the myth, made known her wrongs by sewing or broidering words on a sampler.

40. *mean*] a singular form, which has been displaced by the plural "means," which, however, takes in Shakespeare a verb in the singular.

41. *A craftier, etc.*] See F 1. Q 1 reads "a craftier Tereus cousin hast thou met," which is perhaps the better of the two.

45. *Tremble, like aspen-leaves, etc.*] A very beautiful picture of the deft fingering of a graceful and skilled lute-player.

Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O! could our mourning ease thy misery. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS, *bound, passing on to the place of execution;* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.

50. *fell*] fallen. As also *Lear*, IV. vi. 54 (Abbott).
51. *Thracian poet*] Orpheus.
54. *hour's*] dissyllable, as such words usually are in Shakespeare, as later in Keats.

Act III. Scene I.

7. *aged*] characteristic of age. *Tempest*, IV. i. 261.

For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed:
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
[*Throwing himself on the ground.*
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, etc., with the Prisoners.*
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his sword drawn.*

O reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,

10. *two-and-twenty*] See above, Act I. i. 79.

11. *honour's lofty bed*] Honour is here personified in the feminine, as in *1 Henry IV.* III. 202, 205. The meaning is that honour was a mistress whose favour they had won. In somewhat the same way Macbeth is called "Bellona's bridegroom," *Macbeth*, I. ii. 54.

12. *For these, these, etc.*] is a gloss of F 2 to supply lacking syllable. Malone suggests "good tribunes." Surely simplest of all is "O tribunes," as the O would be more easily dropped than a whole word.

12. *in the dust, etc.*] The author of this play seems, like Shakespeare in *Lear*, determined to humble the haughty spirit of his hero to the uttermost.

14. *appetite*] Used here of drinking, or desire, need; another instance of strictly classic use of a word of Latin derivation.

17. *ancient urns*] his eyes, the reservoirs of his tears. Both F 1 and Q 1 have "ruines," which makes no sense. Oxford edition gives "urns."

18. *Than youthful April*] seems like a reminiscence of the opening lines of Chaucer's Prologue.

23. *O reverend tribunes! etc.*] F 1 and Q 1 have "oh gentler," which will scan quite well if read with a pause after tribunes.

My tears are now prevailing orators.
Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.
Tit. Ah! Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—
Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.
Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me, or if they did mark,
They would not pity me, yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale.
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

26. *prevailing orators, etc.*] This extraordinary tirade of Titus' is apparently meant to show that his mind is giving way under his afflictions, and, if so, it may well be Shakespeare's first essay in a field in which he became a supreme master, the depiction of madness, or of the debatable land between temporary distraction and real insanity. See Introduction, p. xxxv. Note also the characteristically Shakespearian moral irony of making Titus, who not long ago killed one of his own sons and refused Tamora's plea for Alarbus, have to plead in vain for the lives of two others.

28. *The tribunes, etc.*] There seems an omission or error in the stage-directions, as it is evident the tribunes have left the stage by this time, leaving Titus alone with Lucius.

33. *Why, 'tis no matter, etc.*] This seems to me distinctly Shakespearian, if not of his best. There is the characteristic irony of addressing the stones rather than the tribunes. His laying the whole blame on the tribunes, the very men who had wished to give him supreme power, shows Shakespeare's keen sense both of the strong irony of Fate and the fickleness of popular favour, thus reminding us strongly of both Julius Cæsar and Coriolanus and of Shakespeare's own aristocratic leanings.

36. *And bootless, etc.*] So Q 1, which seems preferable to the F 1 reading, which makes the break in the previous line.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
[*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

45. *A stone, etc.*] Printed as one line in Q 1, as two in F 1. It is a six-foot line, forming a perfect Alexandrine, or may be called a trimeter couplet, a metre used in dialogue by the Elizabethans, but mostly in comedy, as in *The Comedy of Errors* and *Love's Labour's Lost*. The Alexandrine occurs not unfrequently in Shakespeare's blank verse, whether intentionally or accidentally is difficult to say. See *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. i. 94, 97; *Henry V.* II. i. 20, 44, etc.

54. *wilderness of tigers*] See *Merchant of Venice*, III. i. 128, "a wilderness of monkeys."

63. *This was thy daughter*] These four words are of electric force. The famous "Troja fuit" is hardly more tersely significant. And Titus' reply, when we consider that he had been very wroth with her for eloping with Bassianus, is extremely touching—"so she *is*."

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.
Luc. Ay me! this object kills me.
Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.
Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Marc. O! that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,

65. *Faint-hearted boy, etc.*] There is something very grand in Titus' rallying his own indomitable spirit at this, the very culmination of his misfortunes.

66. *Speak, my Lavinia*] Neither F 1 nor Q 1 have "my," which is given in F 2.

66. *accursed hand, etc.*] The constant play on this word is tedious to modern readers, but was much in vogue at the time this play was written, and, if Shakespeare himself had a weakness, it was just for that sort of thing.

72. *Give me a sword, etc.*] Steevens objects that Titus could not chop off both his own hands. This is surely hypercriticism applied to a man speaking in a state bordering on distraction.

76. *effectless*] ineffectual. Also *Pericles*, v. i. 23.

82. *O! that, etc.*] These are beautiful lines, and are an example of Shakespeare's fondness for the word "sweet."

82. *engine*] means of expression. We have the same expression in *Venus*, 367. Engine, from Latin *ingenium*, was used in Shakespeare's time for any contrivance, device, or means of execution.

Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.
Luc. O! say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Marc. O! thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my dear; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight
It would have madded me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death

90. *unrecuring*] incurable. Apparently only here. But recure = heal, several times in Shakespeare, *Venus*, 465; *Sonnet*, xlv. 9; *Richard III.* III. vii. 130.

92. *than had*] than if he had.

92. *kill'd me dead*] The original meaning of kill, the northern form of quell (A.-S. *cwellan*), like the German, *schlagen*, slay, meant to smite or subdue, not necessarily to kill outright: so Irish phrase, "to kill dead" (Craig).

96. *envious*] malignant, as *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. i. 100, "envious sneaping frost."

97. *brinish*] briny. The image is fine, and recalls Hamlet's "sea of troubles."

105. *lively*] living.

108. *Thy husband he*] Common redundant nominative. See Abbott,

Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look! Marcus; ah! son Lucius, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance because she knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,

par. 243. As "For God he knows," *Richard III.* I. iii. 212.

113. *Upon a gather'd lily*] A fine and quite Shakespearian image.

119. *Witness the sorrow, etc.*] Here poor Lavinia, learning for the first time that her brothers were suspected of slaying her husband, doubtless shows signs of great distress, and probably tries to show that the suspicion is false.

125. *meadows yet not dry, etc.*] As Mr. Churton Collins (*Studies in Shakespeare*, p. 116) points out, this is an exact description of a Warwickshire meadow after a flood.

Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.
Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Marc. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.
Tit. Ah! Marcus, Marcus; brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.
Luc. Ah! my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O! what a sympathy of woe is this;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word: that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

149. *limbo*] literally an edge or rim, a place of unrest for departed souls, neither heaven nor hell. *Limbus Patrum* was the region where the souls of the good who lived before the promulgation of the gospel were confined. Some think the souls of unbaptized infants also wander in this windy and uncertain region — *Limbo Infantum*. See *Paradise Lost*, iii. 496; *Comedy of Errors*, IV. ii. 32, where it is used, as here = hell.

150. *Titus Andronicus, etc.*] Here is another clumsy "improbable possibility," that Titus, Marcus, and Lucius should be so ridiculously credulous of such a crude villain as Aaron. But the original fable is mainly responsible for this.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart I 'll send the emperor my hand.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.
Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O! none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.
Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.
Marc. My hand shall go.
Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

159. *sun's uprise*] Here "uprise," but in *Antony*, IV. xii. 18, úprise. See also Shelley's lines written among the Euganean Hills, line 73, "The sun's uprise majestical."

160. *With all my heart, etc.*] Another six-foot line or Alexandrine. See above.

169. *castle*] A great deal of learned ink has been spilt over this passage. Nares quotes this word in the same sense from *Troilus and Cressida*, v. ii. 187, and from Holinshed, ii. p. 815. My cousin, W. Paley Baildon, F.S.A., has kindly examined the Holinshed passage and its context, and has come to the conclusion that castle does not mean helmet there at all, "but one of the painted canvas structures that figure so largely in mediæval pageantry." My own opinion is that the expression is purely *metaphorical*, as the word "writing" shows. The idea is taken from the "writing on the wall" in the Bible, so that "writing destruction" is a metaphorical way of saying he brought certain destruction on their castles. The *Troilus* passage is not to be taken literally either, and seems to mean, as Mr. Paley Baildon suggests, merely something "stronger than an ordinary helmet."

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.
Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.
Marc. And for our father's sake, and mother's care
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.
Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.
Luc. Then I 'll go fetch an axe.
Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I 'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
Aar. [*Aside.*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:
But I 'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*

Re-enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Now stay your strife; what shall be is dispatch'd.
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them

184, 185. *Then I'll go, etc.*] This and the following are in F 1 and Q 1 as broken lines.

185. *will use the axe*] Steevens says this must be "will use it." I doubt if these two excited exclamations are intended to form one perfect line. They seem rather meant as a kind of rude couplet.

192. *Now stay, etc.*] The blythe way in which these mutilations are carried out and endured seems to me to point to an Oriental origin of the story, for the stoicism of fanatics and others in the East is a thing almost impossible to Europeans.

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean. O! how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.
[*Exit.*

Tit. O! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call. [*To Lavinia.*] What! wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O! brother, speak with possibility,

203. *fat*] fatten, nourish, delight, as *Troilus and Cressida*, II. ii. 48; *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. i. 97.

205. *black like his face, etc.*] The association between darkness of complexion and wickedness is obvious and natural, however it may be borne out in fact. Shakespeare in his *Sonnets* returns repeatedly to this idea. He evidently held the love between members of the white and black races as being unnatural, as instanced in this play and in *Othello*, III. iii. 387. See Introduction, p. xlv, etc.

211. *welkin*] sky, literally the region of clouds, and generally referring to an overcast sky; whereas sky, by Chaucer at least, was used for clear sky, *House of Fame*, iii. 508–511. "A welkin eye," *Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 136, seems to mean clear and blue, or innocent like the heaven.

212. *as sometime clouds, etc.*] We must supply "do" after clouds, but, as before observed, it was part of the Elizabethan plan of attaining force of expression to omit words easily supplied by the reader.

213. *When they do hug, etc.*] Not quite so elegantly expressed as modern taste would desiderate, but extremely accurate as descriptive of clouds melting in sunlight. Such imagery strongly recalls Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, such as 18 and 33.

214. *with possibility*] F 1 has the plural "possibilities," but the reading of

And do not break into these deep extremes.
Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.
Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark! how her sighs do blow;
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

the Q 1, as given here, seems preferable. To "speak with possibility" is to speak of things within the range of possibility. The plural has no sense that I can see.

217. *with them*] seems to mean as "deep as my sorrows."

224. *coil*] complication, confusion, something in which we are deeply involved. *Hamlet*, III. i. 67, "mortal coil" = the complications and troubles of this present life.

225. *I am the sea, etc.*] The undoubted overelaboration of this double image must seem forced and artificial to modern taste. But it is a very common fault with the Elizabethans and even with Shakespeare himself.

225. *blow*] Both F 1 and Q 1 have "flow," which may be right in the sense of succeeding each other rapidly. "Blow" is inelegant.

230. *For why*] because. Frequent in Shakespeare in poems and early plays. As *Lucrece*, 1222; *Pilgrim*, 138, 140; *Two Gentlemen*, III. i. 99. Cowper uses "For why?" = "for what reason," as *John Gilpin*, 151, etc. The unpleasant image here does seem a wanton offence, and moreover is absolutely superfluous. One would have expected that, even if merely editing the play, Shakespeare would have cut it out. That it should remain there, even after the final revision, is strong evidence of the coarse taste of the time.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah! that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat;
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.
[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*

Marc. Alas! poor heart; that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons' heads,

244. *To weep, etc.*] shows the author's familiarity with the Bible, and, according to some, would point to Shakespeare's authorship.

244. *some deal*] in part, a little. "Deal," A.-S. *dǽl*, means a part, and is cognate to German *Theil*. It is used in the sense of a lot in Shakespeare, as now, "The fellow has a deal of that too much"="more than his own share," *All's Well*, III. ii. 92. Chaucer uses "never a deel"="not a bit," Skeat, i. 1007.

251. *As frozen water, etc.*] a terse and powerful image, and one that would only occur to a close observer of nature. Snakes were of course much more common in England then than now.

Thy war-like hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs.
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.

259. *control thy griefs*] urge you to restrain. F 1 and Q 1 have "my" here. Theobald suggests this gloss, which is perhaps unnecessary.

264. *Ha, ha, ha!*] This terrible laughter of Titus is startlingly dramatic, and a sudden change of mood and a new departure (almost what Aristotle would call a "discovery") in the action. Almost simultaneously Titus' bitter sorrow is transformed into the fiercest lust of revenge, and he seems at once to conceive the whole terrible scheme of vengeance which the rest of the play is occupied in displaying. He shakes off his despair, and with it the feebleness of age. His old instinct of command reasserts itself, and he at once takes the lead and despatches Lucius to bring a Gothic army to thei rescue.

276. *heavy*] sad.

The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things:
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woefull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome.
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He loves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O! would thou wert as thou tofore hast been;
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

281. *Lavinia, thou*] This line, which has troubled commentators, is an Alexandrine. See above.

282. *wench*] girl, has here none of the derogatory sense of the modern usage. In Shakespeare the word signifies familiarity, and may be either tender or contemptuous according to the context. Its original meaning from A.-S. *wincel*=a child, probably from "wēnian" = "to wean." [Scotch "wean"="a child."]

291. *He loves*] F 1 and Q 1 have "loves." Rowe glosses "leaves," unnecessarily in my opinion; the meaning being that, as he loves the pledges he leaves behind more than his own life, he is sure to return.

292. *Farewell, Lavinia, etc.*] The special affection and tenderness of Lucius to his sister is carefully indicated throughout.

293. *tofore*] before. Also *Love's Labour's Lost*, III. i. 83.

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS, *a Boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit; and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.
[*To Lavinia.*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.

Scene II.] The whole of this scene occurs only in the Folio, which is here followed. Hence it is either a later addition or a portion of the original omitted when acted. I am strongly inclined to think the latter, for the scene, though not uncharacteristic of Shakespeare in some respects, is not in his best and most mature manner; it is also quite unnecessary to the action, and quite possibly all that to-do about killing a fly may have seemed somewhat ridiculous to a miscellaneous audience. But it is interesting psychologically as a study on the borderland of sanity and insanity. In this respect it is admirable, but I think on the stage it might strike many persons as absurd.

4. *sorrow-wreathen knot*] folded arms, an attitude of "restrained" passion or profound melancholy. Is a love-knot taken from the crossed arms of melancholy lovers?

6. *passionate*] seems to mean to express the passion of our grief by assuming that attitude; the only example in Shakespeare. Steevens quotes a similar one from Chaucer; and Spenser uses the word, *Faerie Queene*, Bk. I. Canto xii. 137.

9. *And when*] F 1, who when.

12. *map of woe*] picture of misery. Again in *Coriolanus*, II. i. 68; *Lucrece*, 402, "map of death"; *Romeo*, V. i. 12, "map of honour," etc.

Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O! handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie! how franticly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands.
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs:
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,

17. *against*] over against = near.

19. *sink*] meaning any place where water runs away. The word had not then quite so unpleasant an association as now.

20. *lamenting fool*] Fool is here used as elsewhere in Shakespeare in a tender rather than a disparaging sense. *Winter's Tale*, II. i. 118; generally "poor fool," as *Venus and Adonis*, 578. Though I cannot bring myself to think that *Lear*, v. iii. 304, "And my poor fool is hanged," refers to Cordelia.

31. *square*] to adjust, regulate. *Measure for Measure*, v. i. 487, etc.

36. *martyr'd signs*] signs of martyrdom, of suffering. Nowhere else in Shakespeare, but he used the past-participle in a peculiar way, as "unvalued" = "invaluable," *Richard III.* I. iv. 27; "imagined" = "imaginable," *Merchant of Venice*, III. iv. 52.

37. *no other drink but tears*] The idea of drinking tears, which recurs often in Shakespeare as *John*, IV. i. 62. It comes originally from the Bible, as

Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd upon her cheeks.
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how if that fly had a father and mother?

Psalm lxxx. 5, "plenteousness of tears to drink."

38. *Brew'd with her, etc.*] a very clumsy and offensive conceit from the operations of brewing. *Macbeth*, II. iii. 130.

45. *still*] constant (Johnson), or better, silent, dumb (Schmidt).

50. *made of tears*] Steevens quotes *Coriolanus*, V. vi. 101, "boy of tears."

54. *kill'st my heart*] break'st my heart; so *Henry V.* II. i. 92.

60. *But how, etc.*] Commentators have pointed out that "and mother" is superfluous. But is it not to criticise the speech of a man distraught too curiously? First comes the idea that the fly had parents to lament his loss, and Titus naturally thinks mainly of the father. A good actor would pause after the question, and this would take off from the slight inconsistency that has been pointed out.

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O!
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.
Ah! sirrah:
Yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas! poor man; grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me:

62. *lamenting doings*] lamentable tales, stories, sad events, just as the characters in this play cite parallel misfortunes to their own. For use of present-participle, see Abbott, par. 372. According to this, we may take "lamenting" = "lamented" = "lamentable." Theobald's forced suggestion of "dolings" is superfluous.

63. *Poor harmless fly, etc.*] The metre here and for four or five lines on, is, I think, intentionally broken; but, spoken with the proper pauses, I do not think it would sound incorrect. O, O, O! for instance, is meant to be so prolonged as to stand for a line; cf. Tennyson's "Break, break, break." This sympathy with minute insect life is characteristic of Shakespeare as of Burns. *Measure for Measure*, III. i. 79.

75. *Ah! sirrah*] another fragmentary line not falling into the metrical scheme of the verse.

78. *coal-black*] occurs three times in this play, and four times in other plays or poems attributed to Shakespeare, as *Venus*, 533; *Richard II.* v. i. 49, etc.

79. *Alas! poor man*] Marcus evidently thinks Titus is really going mad, but Titus at once, as we would say, "pulls himself together," and says, apparently to the servants, "Come, take away" the dishes.

I 'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Rome. Titus's Garden.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter young* LUCIUS, LAVINIA *running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes:
Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.
Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean.
See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee;
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah! boy; Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.
Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

83. *Sad stories chanced*] sad stories which chanced or happened. This recalls "sad stories of the deaths of kings," *Richard II.* III. ii. 156, probably thinking of Lydgate's "Fall of Princes."

85. *dazzle*] to become dazzled. *Venus*, 1064, etc.

Act IV. Scene I.

12. *Cornelia*] mother of the Gracchi.

14. *Tully's Orator*] Cicero de Oratore (Steevens).

15. *plies*] importunes, presses, *As You Like It*, III. v. 76; *Much Ado*, III. ii. 279.

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her;
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear,
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;
Which made me down to throw my books and fly,
Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt;
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will.

[*Lavinia turns over the books which Lucius had let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact: ay, more there was;

20. *Hecuba*] This seems to imply a knowledge of the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, either in the original or in a Latin translation. From the passage in *Hamlet*, II. ii. 523, etc., it seems likely there was some crude popular dramatisation of the story which Shakespeare was thus holding up to ridicule.

24. *fury*] madness.

24. *fright my youth*] Youth used by synecdoche for a young person; very common figure of speech with Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans.

33. *But thou art deeper, etc.*] Lavinia is represented as well educated, as many ladies in Shakespeare's time were.

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;
My mother gave it me.
Marc. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!
What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Marc. See, brother, see! note how she quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see!
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
O! had we never, never hunted there,

41. *tosseth so*] Poor Lavinia in trying to use the volume with her handless arms would doubtless manage it but awkwardly. But Lyly in *Euphues* (Arber, p. 99) and others used the word in exactly the same sense of turning over leaves.

47. *Philomel*] This highly tragic classical story was obviously running very much in the author's mind during the writing of this play, and influenced his plot. Philomel or Philomela was treated by her brother-in-law Tereus much as Lavinia was by the sons of Tamora, only that he did not cut off hands but only her tongue, and then shut her up in a tower. She worked the story of her wrongs in a sampler which she sent to her sister Progne, Tereus' wife. The two women worked a terrible vengeance on the guilty husband. Progne murdered her own son Itylus and served him up as food to her husband, and Philomela by throwing the boy's head on a table proved the horrible fact. Tereus was changed into a hoopoe, Progne into a swallow, and Philomela into a nightingale. So that if Shakespeare has indulged in unnecessary horrors he has at least a close precedent in Greek mythology. See also *Cymbeline*, II. ii. 46. It is hardly necessary to point out the intricate and intimate connections here shown between *Titus Andronicus*, *Lucrece*, and *Cymbeline*.

49. *annoy*] pain, suffering. *Venus*, 497; *Lucrece*, 1109, etc. etc.

50. *quote*] to note, mark, or distinguish, Nares, who cites *Romeo and Juliet*, I. iv. 31, etc.; also from Ben Jonson, *Fox*, IV. i., and *White Devil*, vi. 306; *Hamlet*, II. i. 112.

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
Marc. O! why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
Marc. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me.
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!
My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me.
[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*
I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

57. *Pattern'd by*] after the pattern of, made after the model of. *Measure for Measure*, II. i. 30, etc.
63. *slunk*] went off stealthily. Cf. *Lucrece*, 736.
64. *Lucrece' bed*] This story seems to run in the author's mind a good deal.
65. *Sit down, etc.*] Marcus's character is well distinguished from that of his brother, and his strong and tender affection for his niece is emphasised. Hence it is appropriate that he should be the one to help her the most.

Tit. O! do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?

Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magni dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Marc. O! calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me, as with the woeful fere
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake, an if she wind you once:
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,

81. Magni dominator, etc.] is the exclamation of Hippolytus, when Phædra discovers the secret of her incestuous passion in Seneca's tragedy, line 671.

85. *To stir a mutiny, etc.*] This line rings very Shakespearian, as *Hamlet*, III. iv. 83, "If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones."

89. *fere*] Anglo-Saxon, *gefēra* = companion, husband. "Feir" has still this meaning in Scotch, as in the famous lines of Burns, "and here 's a han', my trusty feir" ("Auld Lang Syne"). Ignorance of the meaning of the word led some commentators to conjecture "peer" for "fere," as in *Pericles*, Prologue, 21. "Fere" thus occurs only twice in Shakespeare. Mr. Craig says it is common in Elizabethan literature, as in Golding's *Ovid* (a favourite work of Shakespeare's), Bk. I. p. 10.

95. *'Tis sure enough*] This line is a foot short. Perhaps it should run "Marcus," etc.

97. *wind*] scent, get on the scent of; not elsewhere in Shakespeare in this sense.

98. *lion*] of course means Saturninus.

And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You 're a young huntsman, Marcus, let alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad,
And where 's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bedchamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury:
Lucius, I 'll fit thee; and withal my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so: I 'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court:
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we 'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Boy.*

103. *gad*] Anglo-Saxon, *gād*=a point or sting, is the same word as the southern form "goad." We have the northern form in "gad-fly," which combination, along with others such as gād-wand=a carter's goad or whip (Stratmann-Bradley, *M.E. Dict.*), may account for the shortening of the vowel. *Lear*, I. ii. 26; *Ballad of Tamlane* (Child), i. 122, "a redhot gad of iron."

105. *Will blow these, etc.*] *i.e.* the sand on which Lavinia has written.

111. *done the like*] *i.e.* done a deed of equal daring to that of pursuing Chiron and Demetrius into their mother's chamber.

122. *and we 'll be waited on*] means that Titus will not be neglected as he had been at court, but will do something to compel attention.

Marc. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just that he will not revenge.
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter from one side AARON, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON; *from the other side, young* LUCIUS *and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.
Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;
[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both.
Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what 's the news?
Boy. [*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news.
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aloud.*] May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,

129. *Revenge, ye heavens*] so glossed by Johnson, but F 1 and Q 1 "the heavens" is quite good, meaning, as Steevens says, "Let the heavens revenge," the "let" being frequently elided. See Abbott, par. 364, etc. Marcus, as I say in the Introduction, represents Shakespeare's own "gentle" spirit, and thus gives the true moral of the play, that mortals should not take vengeance into their own hands.

Scene II.

3. *grandfather*] accented grandfăther.
7. *Gramercy*] See previous note.
12. *your honourable youth*] a figure

The hope of Rome, for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, [*Aside*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Dem. What 's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let 's see:

Integer vitae, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. O! 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just a verse in Horace; right, you have it.
[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here 's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,

of speech in which the general or abstract noun is used for the concrete =your honourable youths. This is a very favourite figure with Shakespeare.

20. Integer vitae, etc.] Horace, *Odes*, Book I. 22, which I venture to render thus:

"Whoso is clear of crime and true of heart
Needs not, O Fuscus, either Moorish dart
Or bow; or arrows poisoned with strange art
To fill his quiver."

Some commentators profess to find the quotation unmeaning and inappropriate, but it seems to me singularly apt both in intimating their danger obscurely to the guilty youths and from its felicitous allusion to the Moor, Aaron, whose poisoned darts had brought about the tragedy.

23. *I read it in the grammar*] That Chiron, a Goth, should read Horace in a "grammar, long ago," seems unlikely, but that Shakespeare recalled it from the Latin grammar of his own school-days is probable enough. The remaining lines, as translated above, of the famous stanza are:

"*Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,*
Fusce, pharetra."

26. *Here 's no sound jest*] Aaron with his usual acuteness sees Titus' meaning at once, and perceives that the jest is no wholesome one for the receivers of the paper; but his innate selfishness and love of treachery make him keep the knowledge to himself, with fatal results to all concerned.

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick;
But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.
[*Aloud*] And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. [*Trumpets sound.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

29. *afoot*] about, commonly applied to a woman recovering from childbed.

31. *let her rest, etc.*] See *Richard III.* IV. iv. 29; V. iii. 320.

38. *insinuate*] to flatter, to curry favour; so *Richard II.* IV. i. 165.

42. *At such a bay*] *i.e.* brought to bay and in one's power; so *Pilgrim*, 155.

48. *Pray to the devils, etc.*] Aaron suspects what will now happen, and sees the result approaching.

49. *flourish*] sound in particular way. A flourish differed from a sennet, exactly in what way is not known.

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.

Nurse. Good morrow, lords. O! tell me, did you see
Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nurse. O gentle Aaron! we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nurse. O! that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace.
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nurse. I mean she 's brought a-bed.
Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent
her?
Nurse. A devil.
Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam:
A joyful issue.
Nurse. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.

54. *Well, more or less, etc.*] The whole that follows to the end of the scene is very fine, and well worthy the creator of Iago. The union of unmatched effrontery and cruelty with natural paternal feeling is one which only Shakespeare could have carried out so triumphantly. Very Shakespearian is the dwelling on the colour black, as in the *Sonnets* and in *Othello*. See Introduction, p. xlv.

59. *fumble*] fumble with.

65. *devil's dam*] Dam was a universal word for mother, used of animals, even birds, as a hen, *Macbeth*, IV. iii. 218. Mr. H. C. Hart has the following note in the Arden Shakespeare to *Othello*, IV. i. 150, "Let the devil and his dam haunt you": "This expression belongs to Shakespeare's earlier plays. The last (excepting *Othello* itself) in which it occurs is in the *Merry Wives* (I. i. 151). It is derived from a mediæval legend (Wright, *Domestic Manners*, p. 4), and seems to have become obsolete about this time. The expression occurs in the *York Mystery Plays* (ed. Toulmin Smith, p. 300), 'What the deuyll and his dam schall I doo?' (*circa* 1400). I find it in Roy, G. Harvey, T. Heywood, and Greene, but nowhere so commonly as in Shakespeare."

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nurse. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What! must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I 'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*

69. *breeders*] A word used elsewhere by Shakespeare of female animals, as *Venus*, 282. Cf. also *Hamlet*, III. i. 123.

73. *blowse*] "a ruddy, fat-faced wench," Schmidt, who gives only this passage, where it cannot have exactly this meaning, as the child was a boy. Probably used of any rosy, healthy child. Another extraordinary instance of Shakespeare's encyclopædic knowledge, as negro children are not born *black*, but *red*, like children of white parents. But the word "toad" above suggests that the black pigment showed itself in blotches or patches, which is, I believe, the case with children of mixed parentage.

74. *what hast thou done*] This word-play on do and done at so serious a juncture is quite Shakespearian, as were Mercutio's dying jests. The metre here is obviously broken, and not meant for perfect blank verse.

86. *broach*] The first meaning of broach is to spit, hence to make a hole in anything and let out its contents. It has here, I think, the double meaning of spitting the child and spilling its blood.

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this myself;
The vigour and the picture of my youth:

91. *when this boy, etc.*] See Gloucester's speech in *Lear*, I. i. 9 *et seq.*

94. *Enceladus*] One of the Titans, said to be imprisoned under Ætna, not mentioned elsewhere in Shakespeare.

95. *Typhon's brood*] The Titan sons of Typheus or Typhon, who all waged war against Zeus and the Olympian gods. See Keats' *Hyperion*.

96. *Alcides*] Hercules.

98. *sanguine*] ruddy. Here and in the following lines Aaron scoffs at the white and red complexions of the Goths.

99. *white-lim'd*] white-washed. F 1 and Q 1 have "limb'd," but Pope ingeniously, and in all probability correctly, read "lim'd." Mr. Craig thinks "it refers to the sign at the top of the ale stake, as Chaucer calls it."

99. *alehouse painted*] After ridiculing their white and red separately, he combines them to a crudely painted alehouse sign.

102. *ocean*] trisyllable.

106. *excuse it, etc.*] With characteristic callousness and treachery Aaron is prepared to leave Tamora to her fate. He admired her, especially her wit, but had no affection for her. He could only love what he regarded as a second self, his child.

This before all the world do I prefer;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
Nurse. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.
Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.
Aar. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart:
Here 's a young lad fram'd of another leer:
Look how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he 's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.
Nurse. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

112. *smoke for it*] suffer for it. In eighteenth-century slang "to smoke, any one" meant to tease or annoy them. It seems to come from the idea of punishing a horse till he sweats or "smokes," as "to smoke your skin-coat," *John*, IV. iii. 64.

114. *escape*] transgression. Modern English, escapade. *Othello*, I. iii. 197.

116. *ignomy*] A contraction of ignominy used by Shakespeare and other Elizabethan writers. Peele has the adjective "ignomious," *Prologue to Sir Clyomon*.

120. *leer*] A.-S. hleor = cheek, hence complexion. *As You Like It*, IV. i. 67.

124. *self blood*] same blood. A very frequent use of self in Shakespeare. *Merchant of Venice*, I. i. 148; *Lear*, I. i. 71.

125. *And from that womb, etc.*] See very similar passage, *Winter's Tale*, II. ii. 59–61, confirming Shakespeare's authorship.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.
But say again, how many saw the child?

Nurse. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel when the third 's away.
Go to the empress; tell her this I said:
[*Stabbing her.*
"Weke, weke!"
So cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman;

134. *have the wind of you*] have the advantage of position, so as not to be surprised. He evidently keeps the others at a distance.

145. *Two may keep counsel*] Also *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv. 209.

147. *Weke, weke*] In mockery of the poor woman's shrieks. In Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, Book XIII. chap. ii. 245 (Nicholson), we have "weeking" used to express the squeaking of a young pig when being killed.

154. *Muli lives*] F 1 and Q 1 give "Mulitius." Steevens conjectures "Muley lives." Muley is a Moorish name, as Muley Mahomet, King of Fez and Morocco, had a son, Muley Xaque, whom Muley Moluc, his cousin, drove out of Morocco, so that he fled to Spain, became a convert (*circa* 1598), was given a Spanish title, and died in

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, bearing off the Nurse's body.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

the Flemish war. I take this from a note, p. 137, of Professor Schröer's *Ueber Titus Andronicus*, and he again acknowledges his indebtedness to Professor Baist of Freiburg (in Breisgau) University for this information.

157. *Go pack, etc.*] conspire. *Taming of the Shrew*, v. i. 121.

164. *given her physic*] cured her, disposed of her. All potent medicines are also poisons, and so the word physic may be used in the sense of poison or fatal dose.

166. *gallant grooms*] A sarcastic allusion to their treatment of Lavinia. Groom, from A.-S. *guma*, a youth, as in bridegroom, means here attendant, as in the phrase "groom of the chamber."

And secretly to greet the empress' friends.
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I 'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts;
I 'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit, with the Child.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A public Place.*

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows with letters on the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, *and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, now let me see your archery:
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astraea reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

177. *thick-lipp'd slave*] See *Philaster* (Beaumont and Fletcher), IV. ii., "O that I had been nourished," etc., and *Locksley Hall.*

178. *puts us to our shifts*] compels us to flee and avoid notice. Shifts are stratagems or dodges in order to escape a danger. *John*, IV. iii. 7.

180. *And feed on curds*] Hanmer conjectures "feast" to save the repetition of "feed."

181. *cabin in*] live confined in. *Macbeth*, III. iv. 24.

Scene III.

1. *Come, Marcus*] Here Titus seems, or rather feigns, to have lapsed from his strenuous mood into one between madness and senility. There is considerable resemblance between this scene and one in *The Spanish Tragedy*, yet not more than the close similarity of subject might account for. But *The Spanish Tragedy*, if we except the later additions, is manifestly and consistently inferior to Shakespeare's work generally, and even to *Titus Andronicus* itself.

4. Terras Astraea, etc.] Astrea was the goddess of justice; so this means justice has left the earth.

5. *remember'd*] reminded, a common use of the word in Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, cxx., cxxix., etc. etc. The metre here is broken by the quotation, and only resumed at line 6.

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there 's as little justice as at land.
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah! Rome. Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius! is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night to attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,

24. *pipe for justice*] whistle for it vainly. *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 715. This use of the phrase seems to be founded originally on the passage in Matthew xi. 17: "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced." Wyclif has "pipe with an ivy lefe," Matthew, 1880, Early English Text Society.

30. *beget some careful remedy*] seems to mean that in course of time they will find a remedy, as a result of their care and attention. I see no reason to read *careful*, as has been suggested by Schmidt.

And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!
What! have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You 're a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*

Ad Jovem, that 's for you: here, *Ad Apollinem:*
Ad Martem, that 's for myself:
Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;

43. *I'll dive into the, etc.*] Another instance of the fine rant in which Shakespeare and other Elizabethans indulged. We moderns are afraid of it; but is that not because "We are but shrubs, no cedars we"? Titus here is obviously playing the madman even before his friends.

47. *But metal, Marcus, steel, etc.*] A noble line worthy of the author of *Henry V.* Similar expressions occur in *Euphues*, Arber, p. 106, lines 35–6; Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Sea-Voyage*, v. 4 (Crawford). In Shakespeare's time no distinction was made between "metal" the literal and "mettle," *now* the metaphorical word.

48. *Yet wrung, etc.*] Cf. *Hamlet*, III. ii. 253.

51. *wreak*] revenge.

52. *gear*] affair, business. *Richard III.* I. iv. 158.

53. Ad Jovem, *that's for you*] We cannot help thinking of poor Ophelia distributing her flowers.

You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.
Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.
Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*
O! well said, Lucius.
Good boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas.
Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.
Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.
Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.
Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News! news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

59. *Of my word*] on my word. See Abbott, par. 175.
59. *to effect*] to purpose.
63. *well said*] equivalent to "well done," as often in Shakespeare as "ill will never said (did) well," *Henry V.* III. vii. 153, etc.
64. *Virgo*] the constellation.
65. *I aim*] Rowe quite gratuitously conjectures "am."
65. *beyond the moon*] See *Coriolanus*, v. i. 32. Marcus is of course humouring Titus, whom he thinks mad.
68. *Taurus*] zodiacal sign; so Aries two lines further on; the usual play on the significance of "horns"; see above. The line scans well enough if we say "thou 'st" for "thou hast."

Clo. O! the gibbet-maker. He says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas! sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas! sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.

79. *O! the gibbet-maker*] This scene with the clown, though rather dragged in, is meant, like Titus' fooling with the arrows, as a relief to the more serious action. If not exactly very amusing, it is very much on the lines of Shakespeare's treatment of the rustic clown in *Winter's Tale* and *Old Gobbo*, etc. The clown speaks prose, as many similar characters in Shakespeare do.

89. *God forbid, etc.*] This at least is excellent fooling. See Introduction, p. liv.

91. *tribunal plebs*] a rustic's blunder for "plebeian tribune."

93. *emperial's men*] Emperor's men.

Give me pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I 'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *Lords, and Others:* SATURNINUS *with the arrows in his hand that* TITUS *shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,

3. *extent*] practice.
4. *egal*] equal. Norman-French form, as "legal" or "leal" for "loyal," "regal" = "royal."
7. *Buzz*] whisper. *Henry VIII.* II. i. 148.

But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What 's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He 'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. [*Aside.*] Why, thus it shall become

8. *even with*] in accord with.
11. *wreaks*] revenges.
18. *blazoning*] publishing.
21. *feigned ecstasies*] Curiously enough Saturninus, who was of a suspicious and cowardly temperament, was the only one who seems to have suspected the genuineness of Titus' madness.

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood on 't: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you good den. I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

35. *High-witted*] Tamora was obviously conceited about the wit or cunning which also excited the admiration of Aaron; and it was her overconfidence in it that made her the victim of Titus' mock-mad, but far subtler strategy. Still I think that Shakespeare, misled by Marlowe, who was fond of making people preternaturally stupid at the fatal moment, makes Tamora rather too dense in the Revenge scenes, just as he makes the two Andronici who fall into the pit too mentally benumbed and helpless.

37. *Thy life-blood on 't*] I can make no sense out of the usual reading "out" here, and prefer, unsatisfactory as it is, to read "thy life-blood on 't." This means, I take it, "Your life itself is at stake and is as good as lost: if Aaron now be wise."

38. *anchor*] ship. By a very favourite "figure of speech" (synecdoche) with Shakespeare the part is used for the whole, just as we use "sail" for "vessel," "foot" for "footmen."

40. *Yea, forsooth*] One of the stock objections to Shakespeare's authorship of *Titus* is that there is no comic relief. This scene, inferior as it is to most of Shakespeare's comic reliefs in his other plays, is still strikingly Shakespearian, and the clown here belongs to his great family of *rustic* clowns. See Introduction, p. liv.

40. *mistership*] This misuse of words is a stock device of Shakespeare's to make his clowns amusing, and we have the final development of the idea in Mrs. Malaprop.

42. *God and Saint Stephen*] In those comic relief pieces Shakespeare is playing, as we would say, to the gallery, as he would say, to the groundlings, and uses those absurdly anachronistic expressions to amuse them by making the clown familiar and intelligible to them, while at the same time the more cultivated part of his audience would be entertained by the brazen absurdity of putting such expressions into the mouth of a Roman peasant. It may also be pointed out that the device of the covered basket with birds, etc., in it is a favourite one with Shakespeare. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, etc.

42, 43. *good den*] good evening.

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.
Clo. Hanged! By 'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*
Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds.
May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.
For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughterman;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?
Æmil. Arm, my lords! Rome never had more cause.
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

57. *shape privilege*] *i.e.* form a ground for exemption from punishment. Shape, which is the same word as the German *Schaffen*, "to make," was used by Shakespeare in the sense of "form," "mould," and even "create." See Schmidt.

58. *slaughterman*] executioner, slayer, as in *Henry V.* III. iii. 41; *Cymbeline*, v. iii. 48, etc.

59. *holp'st*] helpedst. Old and correct form of the originally strong verb "help."

60. *In hope thyself*] I am afraid Saturninus is right, as I point out in my Introduction.

62. *Arm, my lords!*] If we read this line with a pause after the exclamation it scans quite well.

65. *conduct*] pronounced condùct.

68. *Coriolanus*] It is at any rate worthy of remark that the subject of

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Sat. Is war-like Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.
Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?
Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.
Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody;
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,

Shakespeare's other great Roman play is here mentioned.

69. *Is war-like Lucius, etc.*] Here again we see the necessity for some interval of time not only for Lucius' journey—army-raising—but on account of the line "Myself hath *often* heard them say." But see Introduction.

81. *King, be thy thoughts, etc.*] Tamora, with all her faults, has the quality of a certain greatness of spirit, and her speech rises almost to sublimity here.

91. *honey-stalks*] clover flowers (*Trifolium repens*) which when they are charged with honey are too greedily eaten by sheep or cattle, who even die from the effects. Nares.

The other rotted with delicious feed.
Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.
Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
[*To Æmilius.*] Go thou before, be our ambassador:
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of war-like Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the war-like Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.
Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

95. *If Tamora entreat, etc.*] With true Shakespearian irony Tamora is made the victim of the "defect of her quality," her over-confidence in her own wit.

105. *on hostage*] *i.e.* demand hostages.

113. *successantly*] Both F 1 and Q 1 have this curious coinage, which seems to be a Latin present-participle from some imaginary verb *successare*. It obviously means succeedingly, *i.e.* successfully.

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS *and an army of Goths, with drum and colours.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we 'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,

colours] Both Q 1 and F 1 have "soldiers."

1. *Approved*] proved, tried, experienced.

2. *letters*] letter, as Shakespeare seems to use it, as he does many other words, in the strictly classical rather the modern sense.

6. *Imperious*] I follow Q 1 in putting a comma after this word.

7. *scath*] Modern English, "scathe." Cf. German, *Schade*, which is used, as Chaucer uses scathe, in the sense of pity. "She was somedel deaf and that was scathe," *Canterbury Tales*, Prologue, 446.

8. *him*] *i.e.* Rome personified in the masculine, or meaning the Emperor, as it was a common practice of Shakespeare's to use "France," "Denmark," etc., in that sense.

9. *slip*] in the gardener's sense of a "cutting."

12. *Ingrateful*] Mr. Craig writes me that Shakespeare uses this form twice as often as "ungrateful."

15. *Led by their master*] I am indebted to the same gentleman for the following note, which serves to elucidate this passage:—"Bees used to be borne down a river in a barge through the flowers, and as the barge sunk in the

And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, *with his Child in his arms.*

Second Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
"Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!" even thus he rates the babe,
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;

water the quantity of honey they gathered was indicated."

16. *cursed Tamora*] Why the Goths should be so easily roused against Tamora one hardly sees at this point, Unless it is understood, as mentioned, in earlier versions of the play, that she had poisoned her husband on Aaron's account.

21. *monastery*] Another anachronism, but Shakespeare is persistently careless on such points. But as we do not know in the least the date of the play's historic action, the anachronism may be the other way on in making Titus and the other Romans still pagans.

26. *controll'd*] managed, soothed.

27. *tawny slave*] Shakespeare was evidently determined to emphasise this ruffianly tenderness, as we may call it, of Aaron's to his child. To my thinking there are few things in Shakespeare's works more masterly or more characteristic of his genius than these extraordinary monologues—one is tempted to say conversations—of Aaron to his child. See Introduction, p. lx.

Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye,
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? not a word?
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder!

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.*

37. *my weapon drawn*] Latin ablative absolute; another sign to the classical attainments of this writer, and making *for* and not, as ignorantly supposed, *against* Shakespeare's authorship. For, apart from other considerations, Mr. Churton Collins maintains (*Studies in Shakespeare*) Shakespeare's intimate knowledge of the Greek Tragedies either in the original or in Latin versions.

42. *pearl*] alluding to the proverb "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye." Malone. See Introduction, p. xlvi; *Two Gentlemen*, v. ii. 12.

44. *wall-eyed*] a term applied to horses whose eyes by disease become blank and white-looking by reason of the loss or growing-over of the coloured part of the eye—the iris. In a negro's eye, whether by reason of contrast to his skin and dark iris or because the white part of his eye is really larger than in the white races, the white of the eye shows very conspicuously; hence the appropriateness of the term. The word itself is derived from the Icelandic, *i.e.* Old Norse (*Grieb-Schröer Dictionary*). *King John*, IV. iii. 49.

49. *Touch not the boy*] There is wonderful dignity and pathos in this line, and indeed in all Aaron's conduct with respect to his child.

53. *Get me a ladder*] assigned to

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I 'll speak no more but "Vengeance rot you all!"
Luc. Say on; an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.
Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.
Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,

Aaron in F 1 and Q 1, but obviously spoken by Lucius.

63. *For I must talk, etc.*] This might form a fitting description of the "Tragedy of Blood" dramas so popular then. See Introduction, p. lxxxv, etc.

66. *Ruthful*] pitiful—quite a Shakespearian word. See *Richard III.* IV. iii. 5; *Troilus and Cressida*, V. iii. 48.

66. *piteously*] *i.e.* so as to excite compassion. Schmidt. See *Lucrece*, 681, etc.

71. *thou believ'st no god*] This author makes his villain an atheist, whereas Marlowe and others themselves gave expression to sentiments regarded as atheistical. Shakespeare never does.

76. *popish tricks*] Another anachronism for which Shakespeare must be held responsible: for, however little or much he wrote of this play, he stood godfather,

Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; [*Aside*] for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I 'll urge him: [*Aloud*] therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd, and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

if not father, to it, and could easily have removed these flaws, some of which may have been actors' *gag* to raise a smile or draw a cheer from the audience.

78. *urge thy oath*] insist on your swearing.

78. *for that, etc.*] to "urge him" is obviously an aside, though hitherto not so printed, and may be another hit at Catholic image-worship.

79. *bauble, etc.*] *i.e.* a fool who carries a bauble will make a god of it. I have heard it said in the pulpit, and with much truth, that our conceptions of God in reality resemble ourselves. So a fool's god is little better than a bauble.

80. *by that god*] Lucius being a Roman probably believed in more than one god.

88. *luxurious*] lustful, and has *always* this sense in Shakespeare. *Much Ado*, IV. I. 42, etc.

93. *trimm'd*] Aaron having secured his child's life becomes reckless, and takes malignant pleasure in Lucius' horror and distress. He probably uses "trim" in a yet more offensive sense than we know.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,

99. *codding*] lustful, lecherous.

100. *As sure a card*] *i.e.* a card certain to win the trick, referring to Tamora, for whose wit Aaron had the greatest admiration. *Antony*, IV. xiv. 19.

100. *set*] trick or "hand" at cards.

102. *As true a dog*] "An allusion to bull-dogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose." Johnson.

104. *train'd*] guided, directed, as we still say of a cannon, or perhaps allured, decoyed, in the sense in which birds are caught by means of grain or crumbs which leads them into the trap. *Macbeth*, IV. iii. 118.

109. *And what not done*] what was not done.

119. *swooned*] *i.e.* for pleasure and malicious mirth. F 1 and Q 1, "sounded" for "swounded." I retain the modern form of the word.

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.
First Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day, and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things

122. *like a black dog*] "to blush like a black dog," according to Ray, is a proverbial expression. Nares quotes it from *Withal's Dictionary*, ed. 1634, p. 557. A black dog was of course the usual form taken by familiar evil spirits, as in *Faust*.

124. *Ay, that I had not done, etc.*] From this point Aaron degenerates into the stage-villain of Marlowe and others. See *Jew of Malta*, II. ii., and Introduction.

132. *Make poor men's cattle*] This line is a foot short. Malone weakly conjectures "and die." "Fall and break" would be better. But there are a good many instances of this metrical shortage. See Abbott, par. 505.

139. *Roman letters*] He refers obviously to things he has done since coming to Rome. Another instance of Shakespeare's supreme contempt of consistency in matters relating to time. See Introduction, p. lxxix. As a matter of fact, the later Goths used Roman characters, but earlier, as their first writings were on beechwood, their characters were probably *Runic*.

As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.
Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!
Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius! what 's the news from Rome?
Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.
First Goth. What says our general?
Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges

145. *Bring down the devil*] As Steevens says, Aaron was, for the edification of the audience, already mounted on the ladder ready to be hanged.

146. *presently*] immediately, as usually in Shakespeare.

147. *If there be devils*] This is the sort of bombast into which Shakespeare was led by the—in this case—bad example of Marlowe.

160. *Willing*] being willing you should, etc.

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away. [*Exeunt.* 165

SCENE II.—*Rome. Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON, *disguised.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs;
Knock at his study, where they say he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter TITUS, *above.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;

165. *And we will come, etc.*] Like several other lines in this scene, this is a broken or imperfect line. But as the same thing occurs in some of Shakespeare's best plays, such as *Macbeth*, it is not uncharacteristic of him, and is usually, as in this case, justified by a natural break or pause in the speech.

Scene II.

1. *Thus, in this, etc.*] Tamora is disguised as Revenge, and this recalls *The Spanish Tragedy*, where Revenge is one of the *dramatis personæ*. This contrivance of Tamora is certainly a weak one, and unworthy of her lauded and boasted "wit." Titus' madness, like Hamlet's, is meant to be partially, if not entirely, assumed, and the assumption has deceived Tamora and lured her into this feeble and ineffectual stratagem.

1. *sad*] probably gloomy, dark, sad-coloured.

5. *keeps*] lives, resides. *Venus*, 687, and frequently elsewhere. Still used in my time in Cambridge in this sense.

And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word; how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

22. *these crimson lines*] F 1 and Q 1 have "witness these," etc., F 1 making two broken lines of one line in Q 1. I think we may safely delete the second "witness," which not only spoils the blank verse but also the balanced form of the four lines beginning "Witness."

28. *Know, thou sad man*] It must be confessed it is difficult to have patience with this scene, which, like that in which the brothers fall into the pit, is a painful example of the "improbable possible." This structural weakness in the action makes me doubt Shakespeare's authorship more than anything else; but it must be remembered that it was his first, or one of his first attempts at tragedy, and that he probably had not yet confidence enough to depart from the original story as he found it. The ballad, which probably, as Percy maintains, preceded the play, has this incident, and comments on its weakness. "I fed their foolish veins (=humours) a certaine space," says Titus, who is the speaker throughout. The dramatist, whoever he was, supposing he found such a plot ready to his hand, would be in a dilemma, as he must either take the incident as it stood or completely change it. The mature Shakespeare would probably have done the latter, but the tyro could not venture on it.

31. *gnawing vulture*] This figure is taken probably from the Prometheus story, and is copied by Gray in his *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College*, "vultures of the Mind."

32. *wreakful*] vengeful. *Timon*, IV. iii. 229. Wreak is used by Shakespeare both as noun and verb, as in *Coriolanus*, IV. v. 91, and *Romeo*, III. v. 102.

Come down and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There 's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge:
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels,
And then I 'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.
Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east

36. *obscurity*] obscure place. This is the figure of speech called synecdoche, by which an abstract noun is used for a concrete, and, as I have already pointed out, is a very favourite figure with Shakespeare.

46. *surance*] assurance; not found elsewhere in Shakespeare.

50. *palfreys*] generally used for a handsome riding-horse, what we would now call a hack, as distinguished from a hunter. So "palfrey" is distinguished from the charger used in battle.

55. *footman*] The great men of Shakespeare's day had runners in livery to clear the way before them and help their heavy chariots out of the ruts of the bad roads.

56. *Hyperion*] the old sun-god under the Saturnian reign. See Keats' *Hyperion*. The mere use of this name instead of Apollo is a proof of an

Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I 'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are,
And you the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I 'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I 'll find some cunning practice out of hand

acquaintance with Greek as well as Roman mythology.

59. *Rapine*] Steevens objects to the word "rapine" being used as equivalent to "rape." But when we consider the close connection of the words in meaning and derivation, I think his objections distinctly pedantic. "Rape" is a particular act, and thus not well fitted for personification. Rapine is merely a more general term, for in those days at any rate, as with the Turks now, rape would invariably accompany rapine.

61. *Are these*] F 1 and Q 1 have "are them"; F 2, "they." See Abbott, par. 214.

65. *worldly, etc.*] We have here a hint of Shakespeare's mature philosophy, as developed in *Lear* and the *Tempest*, of the deceptiveness and instability of this passing show, which is only seen in its true light by "God's spies," *Lear*, v. iii. 17.

71. *forge*] invent. As *Venus*, 729 and 804, and elsewhere in Shakespeare.

71. *brain-sick*] mad. As in *Lucrece*, 175, and elsewhere in Shakespeare.

77. *practice*] stratagem. *Measure for Measure*, v. i. 107, etc.

77. *out of hand*] on the spur of the

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house:
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted had you but a Moor:
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I 'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that 's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he 's a murderer.
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he 's a ravisher.

moment, immediately. Nares quotes from *The Fryar and the Boy*, "Come, tell me out of hand."

85. *Well are you, etc.*] The grammar here is distinctly Shakespearian. See *Tempest*, I. ii. 147.

87. *wags*] *i.e.* stirs, goes anywhere; capable here also of an obscene sense.

Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of war-like Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:

107. *up and down*] completely, exactly. *Two Gentlemen*, II. iii. 34.

108. *do*] that is, commit, execute.

110. *Well hast thou*] Tamora, like an over-eager chess-player, is so occupied with her own "practices" that she fails to see that Titus is playing with her all the time. Or is her apparent stupidity meant to be that infatuation which sometimes seizes people as they near a fatal crisis?

110. *lesson'd*] taught. Shakespeare is fond of forming words like this from nouns. See Abbott, par. 294, who has missed "lesson'd."

126. *Bid him encamp*] This seems an error of judgment on Titus' part, but is said to put Tamora off her guard.

Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to her sons.*] What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'erreach them in their own devices;
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
[*Exit Tamora.*

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

136. *And cleave, etc.*] refers to his embracing Tamora in her character of Revenge.

137. *What say you, boys*] This line reads perfectly well when read with a slight pause after boys. I cannot conceive boys being a dissyllable.

147. *complot*] This word occurs twice before. See previous note.

Enter PUBLIUS *and Others.*

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them sure,
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry. [*Exit.*

[*Publius, etc., lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS, *with* LAVINIA; *she bearing a basin, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.

158. *And therefore bind, etc.*] A great deal of absolute nonsense has been written on the improbability of an old man like Titus, deprived of one hand, along with the maimed Lavinia, being able to cut the throats of Chiron and Demetrius. This passage, which has been curiously disregarded, shows that the youths were "securely bound and gagged," and that Titus had plenty of help at hand, in fact present. A child of four, if so minded, could cut the throat of a person bound hand and foot, still more a powerful old man like Titus with his *right* hand free.

167. *Come, come, etc.*] There is no use denying the gruesomeness of this and the following scenes; but this gruesomeness is no proof, hardly an argument, against Shakespeare's authorship. Shakespeare soared above the "Tragedy of Blood" school, not by

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark! wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark! villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,

excising the horrors from his plots, but by treating them in so noble and elevated a manner that we forget the physical horrors in the awe and pity with which his marvellous handling of his themes inspires us. *Macbeth* and *Lear*, not to speak of *Richard III.*, are as much "tragedies of blood" as any ever written. Apart from the *treatment* of it, *Macbeth*, the story of a treacherous and clumsy murder, in its bare details, is only fit for the Police News. In *Lear* the tragedy is so ruthlessly complete that even Shakespeare's immediate successors dared not play it as written.

172. *goodly summer*] Cf. *Richard III.* I. i. 2, "glorious summer."

189. *coffin*] the raised crust of a pie or other piece of pastry. Nares. See also "custard-coffin," *Taming of the Shrew*, IV. iii. 82.

Like to the earth swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I 'll play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Court of Titus's House. A banquet set out.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and Goths; with* AARON, *prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

192. *swallow her own increase*] This may either refer to the phenomenon of earthquakes, or may refer to a variant of the legend of the early Greek gods, the elemented gods, Cœlus and Terra. Saturn we know devoured his own children, till his wife Rhea cheated him with stones. "Increase," in this sense, is a very favourite word with Shakespeare.

200. *temper it*] mix it, as of mortar.

202. *officious*] here apparently in a favourable sense = zealous. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, II. iii. 159.

204. *Centaurs' feast*] The quarrel of the Centaurs and Lapithæ at the marriage of Hippodamia and Pirithous.

First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.
[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Trumpets sound.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* ÆMILIUS, *Senators, Tribunes, and Others.*

Sat. What! hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

9. *And see the ambush*] This repairs the apparent mistake of Titus' before alluded to.

18. *to call thyself a sun*] Probably a play on words, alluding to the fact that Saturninus was Emperor in virtue of being his father's son, and for no merit or capacity of his own.

19. *break the parle*] break off the parley. Johnson says it means "begin the parley." This is clearly wrong, as Marcus, seeing the parley has begun, unsuspiciously invites them to the feast.

22. *honourable end*] Marcus had of course no idea of what had occurred in his absence.

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys sound.*

Enter TITUS, *dressed like a cook*, LAVINIA, *veiled, young* LUCIUS, *and Others. Titus places the dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye war-like Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

36. *Was it well done*] The author of this play knows classic story too well not to know the difference between the two cases, but he regards them as similar, as Virginia *would* certainly have become the victim of lust just as Lavinia *did*.

38. *Because she was, etc.*] This line seems to me like the interpolation of an ignorant scribe or actor.

41. *Because the girl*] If my suggestion were adopted of omitting, "Because she was, etc.," this line may be taken to mean merely that Virginia could not survive the shame which certainly awaited her, had her father not killed her. The expression below, "a thousand times more cause," shows quite clearly that the author knew the great difference between the two cases.

For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[*Kills Lavinia.*

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage: and it now is done.

Sat. What! was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Kills Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*Kills Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There 's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse. Marcus, Lucius, and their partisans, go up into the balcony.*

66. *meed for meed*] measure for measure, probably a proverbial expression. The rhymed lines as here were used by Shakespeare even in his later work, when he wanted to emphasise or clinch a point or mark the termination of an important speech or dialogue.

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O! let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
[*To Lucius.*] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst our ancestor.
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy;
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,

68. *flight of fowl*] See *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 105–107.

70. *knit*] unite, as often in Shakespeare.

71. *mutual*] common, as in *Venus*, 1018; *Two Gentlemen*, v. iv. 173. So Dickens had good authority for "mutual friend."

73. *Lest Rome*] In F 1 and Q 1 "let." In F 1 this speech is given to a Goth, in Q 1 to a Roman lord, but Malone in this instance is right in attributing the whole to Marcus. This speech recalls some of Friar Laurence's in *Romeo*, III. iii.

77. *chaps*] wrinkles or cracks, as we say chapped hands. See *Sonnet*, lxii. 10.

83. *baleful burning*] Shakespeare satirises this excessive alliteration in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

85. *Sinon*] This author is steeped in mythologic lore. *Lucrece*, 1521, 1529.

But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it was that ravished our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave:
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
I am the turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas! you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But soft! methinks I do digress too much,

96. *auditory*] probably a trisyllable here = auditry.

100. *fell*] cruel. A.-S. *fel*. Stratmann. In Scotch "fell" is used like *sair*, or the Greek δεινός, as a mere intensive.

101. *cozen'd*] cheated. As *Merry Wives*, IV. ii. 180, etc.

Citing my worthless praise: O! pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.
Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child;
Of this was Tamora delivered,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak! and if you say we shall,
Lo! hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.
Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.
Marc. Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal emperor!

118. *For when no friends, etc.*] Lucius is of course uncertain how the Romans will receive him coming at the head of a Gothic army.

124. *Damn'd as he is*] Theobald substitutes "damn'd," *i.e.* condemned, for the "and" of F 1 and Q 1.

125. *cause*] F 1 and Q 1 have "course." F 4 has "cause."

131. *of Andronici*] Perhaps "th'" has dropped out here.

134. *mutual*] common. See above.

134. *closure*] end.

140. *The common voice*] the unanimous people; hence plural verb.

141. *Lucius, all hail!*] Steevens says this line should be given to the Romans who were present. But we may under-

[*To Attendants.*] Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and the Others descend.*

All. Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task.
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
O! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kisses Titus.*
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son.

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O! were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us

stand that the company signified assent, and that Marcus, as in the opening of the play, was their spokesman.

143. *hale*] haul. Kluge derives "hale" from a supposed A.-S. *gehalian*, "haill" from A.-S. *geholien*. German, *holen* (English Etymology).

144. *direful slaughtering*] killing in a cruel manner. See *Othello*, v. ii. 332:

> "For this slave (Iago),
> If there be any cunning cruelty
> That can torment him much, and hold him long," etc.

149. *give me aim*] "give room and scope to my thoughts." Schmidt.

152. *obsequious tears*] tears of devotion and affection, or such tears as are fitting a funeral. Shakespeare never uses the word in the modern derogatory sense.

155. *noble son*] Surely Lucius would not call himself noble! might not this line be said by Marcus? or noble may have meant merely "well-born," being Titus' son.

To melt in showers: thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again.
O lord! I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants, with AARON.

First Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?

162. *Many a time, etc.*] This touching speech is thoroughly Shakespearian to my thinking. "Meet" = "things meet."

168. *Because kind nature*] See *Romeo*, IV. v. 82, 83.

169. *associate*] join. *Romeo*, v. ii. 6.

184. *O! why should wrath, etc.*] Crude as this may be, compared with Shakespeare's later work, it is by no means inconsistent with it. Shakespeare does not make his worst characters repent; his Regans and Gonerils, his Iago, even Macbeth and his wife, cannot be said to repent. Edmund is, I think, the only character in the

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

Tragedies, who can be ranked as a villain, who repents. In Shakespeare's comedies or romances the wrong-doers cannot be left without giving some sign of grace. But when he gives us the full grim truth of life in tragedy, he deals little in repentance.

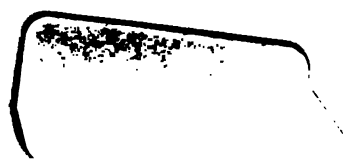
189. *If one good deed*] makes one think on Satan's "Evil, be thou my good," *Paradise Lost*, iv. 110.

195. *heinous*] wicked, used usually by Shakespeare of deeds, as nowadays; here of a person.

196. *No funeral rite*] We must understand some phrase like "there shall be," or we might read "and for her," etc.

198. *But throw her forth, etc.*] cf. *Macbeth*, III. iv. 71, "Our monuments shall be the maws of kites."

203. *Then, afterwards*] The whole is elliptical, and we must understand some phrase here as "we must proceed."

204. *ruinate*] ruin. *3 Henry IV.* v. 183; *Lucrece*, 944, and elsewhere. Bacon and Spenser also use the word, which hardly proves that either of them wrote this play.

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